

PRICE TEN CENTS.

The New York Times

VOL. II. NO. 11, NOV. 18, 1915

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL



French War Orphans

These French children who have been made orphans by the war have been adopted and are being cared for by the Republic of France

Special supplement with this issue

This number contains a large detached picture in rotogravure entitled "Under the Wings." See that it is included with your copy.

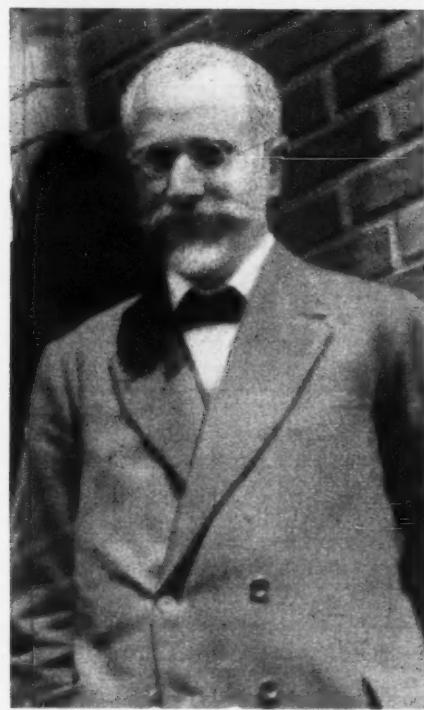
The New York Times MID-WEEK PICTORIAL

Published every week by The New York Times Company, Times Square, New York. Subscription rate, \$1.25 for three months; \$5.00 for a year. Copyrighted, 1915, by The New York Times Company. Entered at the New York Post Office as second-class matter.

VOL. II., NO. 11, NEW YORK, NOV. 18, 1915.

The Strong Man of Greece.

WHAT manner of man is Eleutherios Venizelos, the Cretian around whose head all the pros and cons of war or neutrality for Greece have been beating? Certainly not a weak one; for his four years' interrupted tenure of the Premiership gained him the fear of ardent foes as well as the affectionate confidence of supporters. He is of impressive personality and appearance. M. Jonesco,



ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS.

formerly President of the Rumanian Council, speaks of his "head, like that of a Byzantine saint straight from a church fresco"; of his "gentle, penetrating glance, his irresistible sympathy and almost girlish modesty." Yet this man, as a revolutionary chieftain in his native Crete in 1897, told the British fleet, "You have cannon ball, fire away! But our flag will not come down"; and to the British troops, "We captured this position with blood; we shall give it up only with blood! Do your worst! Death alone can move us from here!"

Dr. Kerofilas, the biographer of Venizelos, tells us that five years ago, upon submitting his program as Prime Minister to the King, Venizelos used these words: "If your Majesty consents to give me a free hand and to ratify this program, I undertake in five years' time to show him a regenerate Greece, strong enough to inspire respect and claim her rights." The world's consensus of opinion is that he kept his word, and in less than the stipulated time.

Champagne from Fields of War.

THOSE who deem it essential to their happiness that golden bubbles should froth at times around their lips will rejoice at the word which comes from battered Rheims of the success of this year's vintage in Champagne. Though the grapes be those of wrath, their expressed juice bears no trace of bitterness, and will accomplish pleasingly its mission of conveying edibles across New York palates and elevating the spirits situated somewhere to the rear of those palates.

Women, children and old men have garnered the harvest, and, with the occasional assistance of French soldiers in villages near the front, have pressed the grapes. In some famous vineyards

German shells shrieked by or ploughed the ground at the feet of the workers, some of whom were killed at their tasks.

June and July furnished ideal weather for the vineyards, but the cold and rain of August encouraged the ravages of the "cochylis" in certain regions, the white grapes being especial sufferers. Thus what bade fair to be

"en avant" of massed French troops of today, with a giant aeroplane hovering over the lines.

War Toys for Christmas

TEACHING the young idea not only how to shoot, but to launch toy dreadnaughts and submarines, and to handle all the diminutive parapher-



GRAPE ALL ABOUT THEM.

French soldiers marching through a vineyard in the famed Champagne country, whose season's crop has been garnered by women, children and infirm men.
(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)

a record-breaking yield was somewhat diminished. Nevertheless, we are assured that it is above the average in both quantity and quality.

"Under the Wings."

EMBATTLED mankind is making the first chapter of a wholly new history—the history of the air as a battlefield, of the air as a highway for swift-darting scouts and messengers. Already this chapter is dotted with feats of valor and with tragedies.

This new element in warfare has inspired M. Tonnelier, the French poet, to a versified comparison of Napoleon's time and the present, which may be freely rendered thus:

*Under the Eagle's widespread, mighty wings,
That epoch gave the world heroic tales
Which still, a century later, charm the mind * * *
And now above us open wings as fine;
The warrior of the air spreads pinions wide
To bring new victory to our sky-flung flag.*

With these verses in his mind, Georges Scott has painted a canvas which he calls "Under the Wings," a reproduction of which is the special supplement of THE MID-WEEK PICTORIAL this week. Above is the spectral eagle under whose wing the phantom soldiers of a century past charge the enemy's line; underneath is the steady

nalia of mimic war, is the object of the artificers—who are soldiers and sailors returned from the fighting line wounded and disabled—now vying with Germany's Christmas toy trade in the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops of London.

Together with the exhibition of toys from these workshops now on view, exhibits of furniture, basket work, leather work, and carving done by disabled soldiers have been spread before the purchasing public. Painted backgrounds for silhouettes in wood of popular celebrities, and backgrounds supplied with the special forts and English villages, besides those for the beautiful Wonderland series of fairy stories on cards, for cutting out, are made by girls taken from the households of disabled men.

The Situation

(Week ending November 15, 1915)

DOES Germany's conquest of Northern Serbia, with complete avenues of communication gained on Nov. 9, both by water and rail, from Berlin to Constantinople, represent the culmination of her efforts in this war? Now that she has the route to the Near East, leading to the dreamed-of conquest of Suez and Britain's route to the Far East, can she hold it with the help of her allies?

Emperor William is on his way to Bulgaria's capital to confer with Czar



MAKING TOY TRENCHES FOR CHRISTMAS.

Girls who have lost their positions as stenographers and clerks are being taught by the Women's Emergency Corps to make the playthings previously imported from Germany.
(Photo © by Underwood & Underwood.)

Ferdinand. Earl Kitchener, it is reported, is on a mission to King Constantine of Greece. Special German Imperial envoys have already arrived in Athens. A conference of the Balkan Kings will be had before the Greek elections of Dec. 19. It is the Germanic purpose not only to prevent Greece and Rumania from siding with the Entente, but to obtain their active aid in holding and tightening the grip of the central powers on their newly acquired route to the Orient.

Without more Balkan allies the military critics are convinced that the Quadruple Alliance must fail. It is one thing to take the Oriental Railway, another thing to hold it. Berlin reports the concentration of 300,000 Anglo-French troops at Saloniki. The Serbian Army, uncaptured and fighting gamely, is now protected by formidable mountain ranges. The Bulgarians are attempting to encircle the Serbians by a drive northward through this difficult region while subject to an overpowering flank attack. The British and French, by invading Bulgaria, may also take the Bulgarian Army in the rear. With Bulgaria defeated, Gallwitz and Koevess would need a million men to guard the Nish-Sofia Railroad from the combined attack of the Serbs and their allies.

That is why the diplomatic battle now waging in Athens and Bucharest overshadows the military operations on



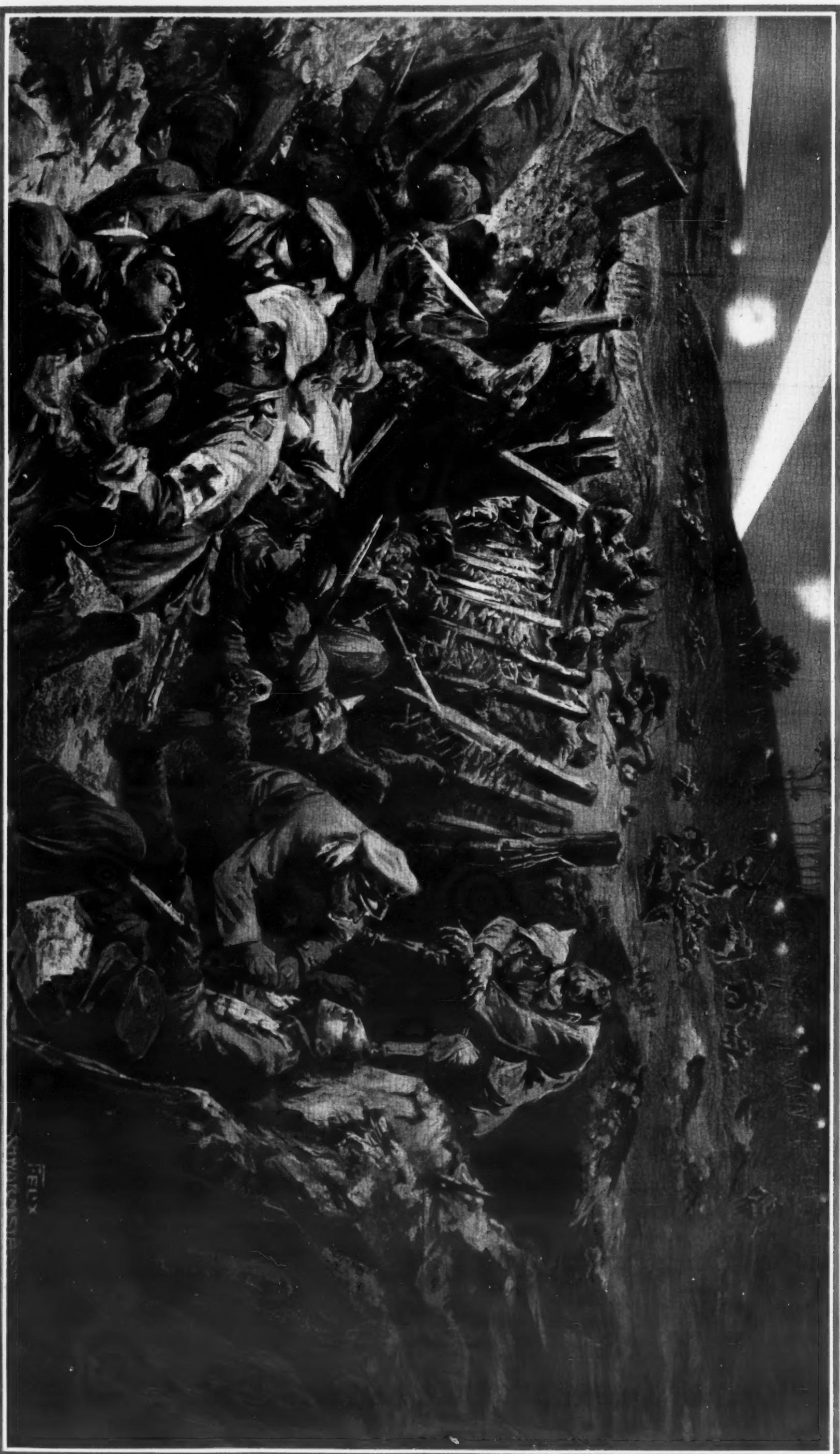
"MON ADJUTANT"—BY LEROUX

The noted French artist made this pen-and-ink sketch, just forwarded from the front, in the intervals of active work on the firing line. His Adjutant, as pictured, is arrayed for the rigors of Winter as well as of war.

all fronts. If King Ferdinand of Rumania can be persuaded to fling his powerful army to the support of Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, warding off the Russian menace from the north, and if King Constantine will but persuade his people that the Entente powers, by violating Greece's neutrality in their attempt to save Serbia, deserve a blow in the back, then the German Emperor can appear in Constantinople with a new proclamation. Earl Kitchener will be needed not, in Greece, but in Egypt, in Persia, and in India. The Turks, relieved of pressure at the Dardanelles, will be able to cope with Russia in Asia Minor; they will meet the Anglo-Indian Army that now threatens Bagdad, while Turkish and Germanic forces will pour down into Syria for a decisive stroke at the Suez Canal. Italy will have been too late in her decision to send troops to the Balkans. The granary of the East will be at Germany's disposal, the might of the British blockade will be broken.

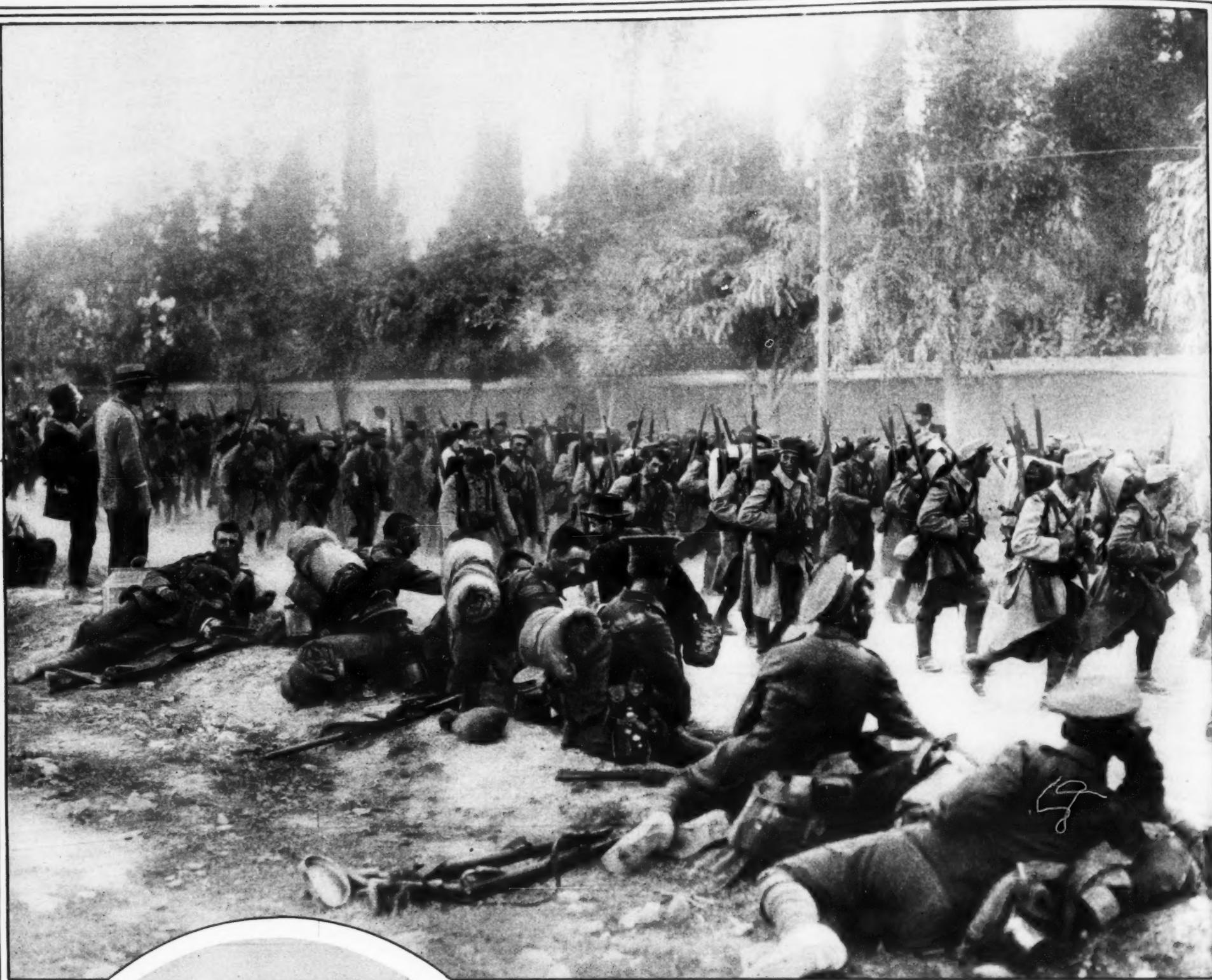
It is a desperate play for a great stake. The deadlock east and west awaits the issue of the moves on the diplomatic chessboard of the Balkans.

To Friend and Foe Alike!



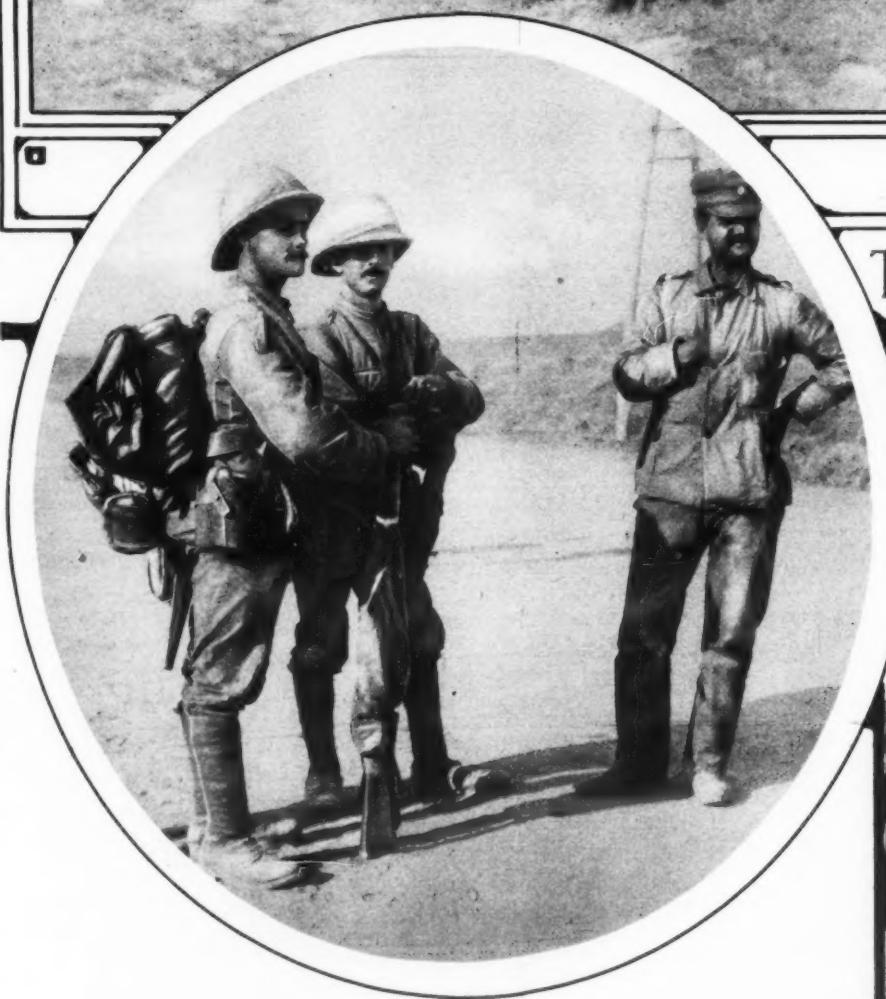
First aid given to the wounded by the German Red Cross during a night attack on the Western battle front.

(Drawn for the Illustrirte Zeitung by Felix Schwanstadt, © 1915.)



British soldiers, previously disembarked, greet their newly arrived French comrades from the roadside in the outskirts of Saloniki.

The French Landing at Saloniki



Above is the wayside encounter—a strictly peaceful one—of two trig, bronzed "Tommies" and a rather unkempt Greek soldier.



(To the right) French Colonial Zouaves convoying supplies on a typical Greek wagon with a modern Greek charioteer at the reins.



First French regiment landed marching through the streets of the Macedonian port--The officer is returning salutes of Greek soldiers.

—Aid for Serbia Through Greece



(Above) The performances of the English blue-jackets with the hose interest the tiny Greeks. Note the British warship in the distance.



(To the left) This French sentry is one of many posted in Saloniki's streets in advance of the landing of the main body of troops.

(Photos from American Press Assn.)

The Lancer

By Joseph H. Odell



OUTSIDE of American military circles few appreciate the sacrifices that have been made by members of the National Guard to keep their organization efficient during the last few decades. On the one side the labor unions and the socialistic bodies intimidated men likely to enlist; on the other side employers who demanded protection by the militia in times of trouble made it next to impossible for their employees to serve because of an ungrateful parsimony. By giving generous Federal recognition to the National Guard Secretary Garrison has shown his sagacity and probably saved his defense program. If he had allowed the National Guard to be flattened to a wafer between the regulars and the continentals the entire scheme might have been wrecked on the old rock of State's rights. We can thank our stars that there is one member of the Cabinet who can see three things at once and who hasn't entirely forgotten Euclid's axioms. The danger to our Government during the last generation

between noise and poise, and today they are putting the premium on poise.

IF A MAN HAD AN EDUCATIONAL IDEA vital enough to energize and immortalize John D. Rockefeller's millions he would probably waste his life in trying to get it to the personal attention of Mr. Rockefeller. At one time I evolved a piece of educational strategy that would have killed more hyphens than all the patriotic rhetoric of a decade, but it was nullified by the staff of the General Education Board. Nevertheless, I still hold the General Education Board in moderate respect, although I think that Mr. Rockefeller is missing the biggest slice of life's satisfaction by deputizing his beneficence. If I could present my latest idea to the great but reticent benefactor I feel certain he would give it more than delegated attention.

The present European War is chargeable to a terrible breakdown of diplomacy. Yet the nations involved had experienced and resourceful representatives in one another's countries. If they could not stave off the menace, what is America likely to do if the time ever comes when our rooky diplomats are all that stand between us and war? Mr. Rockefeller is doing well in eradicating hookworm, fighting cancer, medicating

endow a college for the education of consuls and diplomats would be the most radical and constructive piece of internationalism ever conceived, and in the course of a few years it would give America an unassailable place in the councils and courts of the world. Furthermore, it would save us from such scandals as some of our representatives abroad have recently precipitated.

SHOULD YUAN SHI KAI ASSUME THE MANCHU CROWN three hundred million Chinese will know no difference in their condition or es-

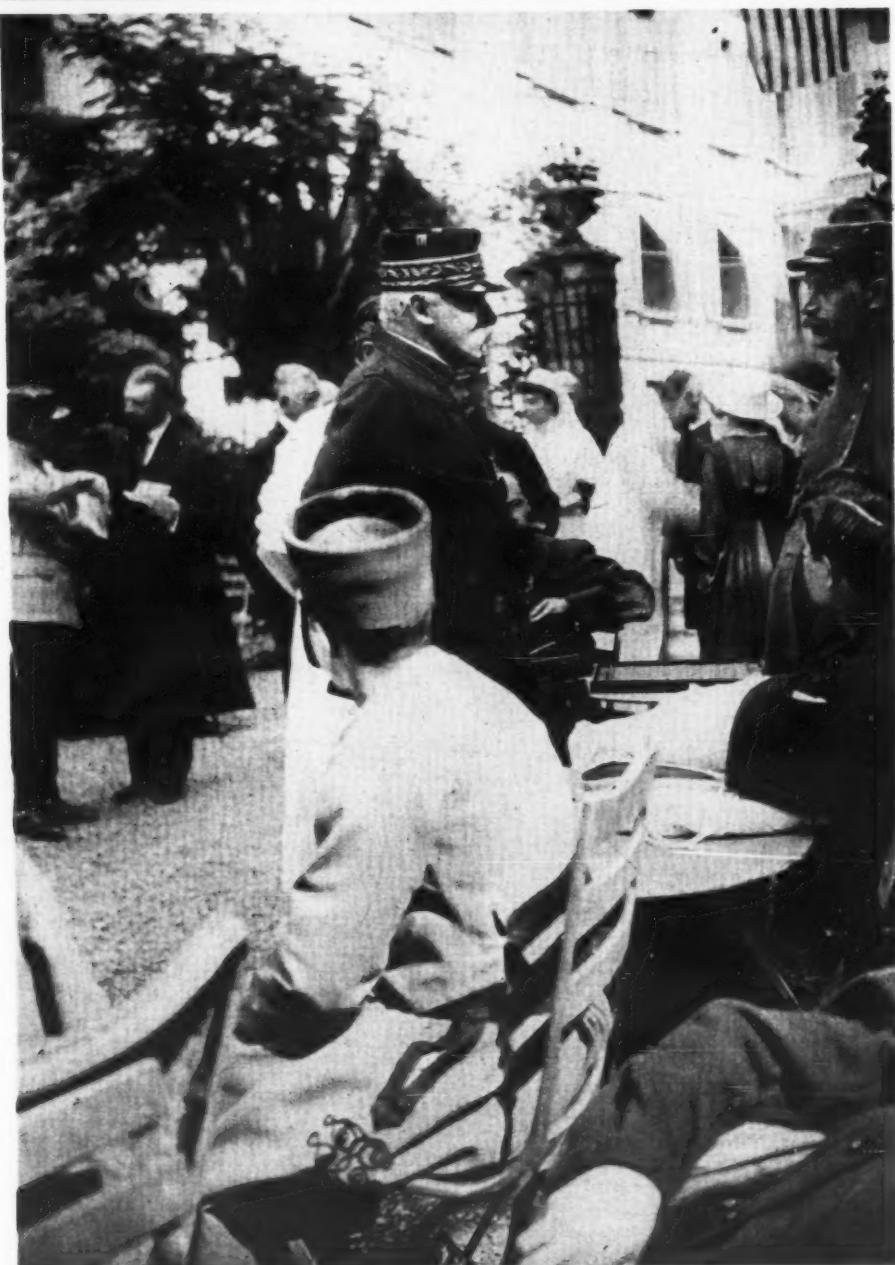
witness of the truth like Moses, who stood up with his demand for God and for Israel before Pharaoh; or like Nathan, who stood up with his accusing and heart-searching parable before David; or like Daniel, who stood up with his conscience-searching interpretation before Belshazzar; or like the Baptist, who at such cost so boldly faced Herod; or like Paul, who made Felix tremble; or like John Knox before Mary; or like Robert Bruce before James—had the Emperor of Germany but had Court preachers like these, I cannot believe that he would have been the God-forsaken man he is to-day.

Can it be true that Prussia has had no prophets during the last three dec-



SOLDIER SELLS RINGS MADE FROM GERMAN FUSE-CAPS.

This wounded and invalid French veteran of the early campaigns of the war finds a ready market at Trouville for finger-rings which he makes himself of the fuse-caps which marked the trail of the Teutons' advance upon and retreat from Paris. The little aluminum circlets are a fad among women at the watering place. (Photo from Trowbridge.)



GENERAL PAU AND A PRIVATE AS MAN TO MAN.

The noted one-armed leader of the French forces in the initial movements of the war is here shown, with wounded soldiers—three of whom he has just decorated for bravery in battle—in the garden of the American Art Students' Club of girls in Paris, which has been converted by its members into a hospital. (Photo from C. A. Slade.)

was lobbies; the danger in this generation is hobbies. As Matthew Arnold said, we need to see things "steadily and see them whole." For some time the American people have had to choose

the Mongols, and making conditional doles to denominational colleges. Such things are well worth the doing, but they will never shape destiny nor change the main currents of civilization. To

tate. For that matter, neither will Yuan Shi Kai himself, except that he will feel at liberty to worship in the Temple of Heaven. He is as much a King now as he can ever be in authority and influence, probably as much as he wants to be, for he is too wise and mellow a man to play the despot in the historic Manchu fashion. Why any one can wish for the title of royalty when he already has the power without the penalties is more than I can imagine. In all the essentials of a sovereign President Wilson is much nearer the real thing than King George and he will not be forced to burden his children and his children's children with the tinsel, trappings, and tribulations of a diminishing degree of regality.

HERE IS AN UNEXPECTED PROBE into the remote but perhaps not the less real causes of the war. The paragraph is from Principal Alexander Whyte, the foremost of living Scotchmen:

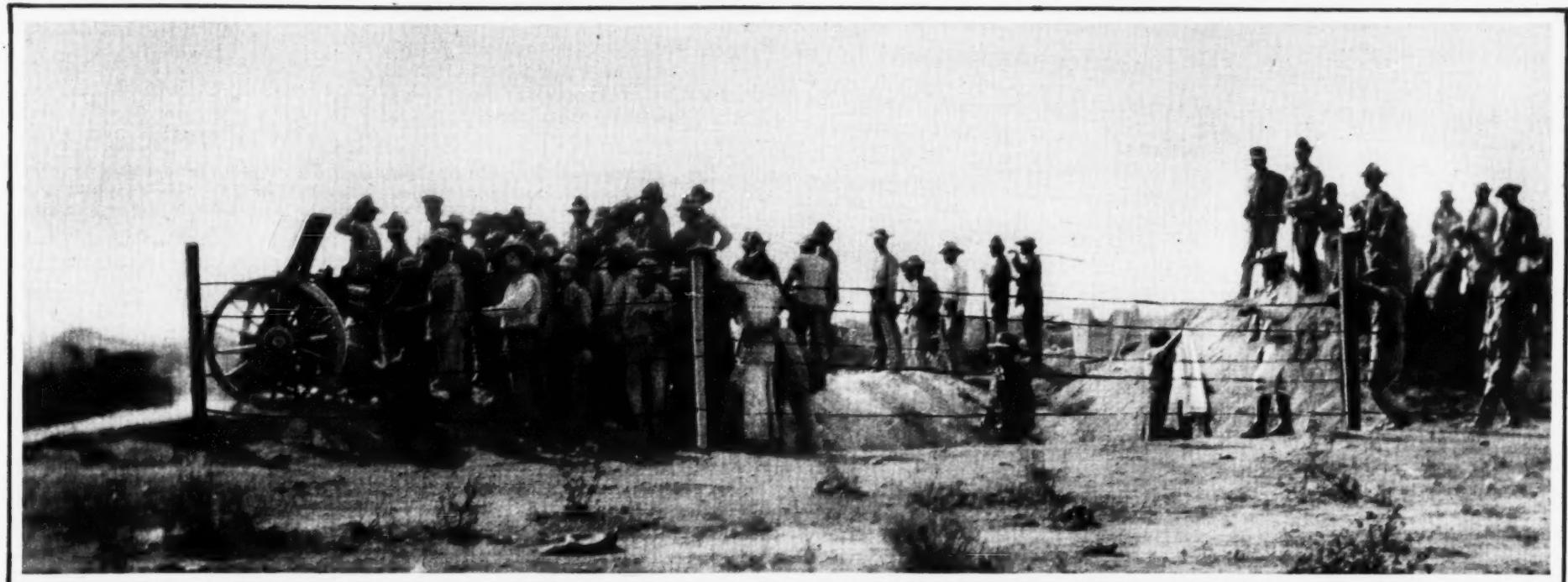
But while with this true word of God open before me, I solemnly believe that the present Emperor of Germany will one day have to stand before the Great White Throne and will have to give an account of all his lusts of deceit and ambition and envy and hatred that have brought this diabolical war upon Christendom; even so, there are other men who will have a much heavier account to answer to on that day. Speaking for myself, I would far rather be the fatally misled Kaiser on that day of account than I would be his favorite Court preacher. For I cannot but believe that had the Emperor of Germany but had for a chaplain a preacher and faithful

ades and that her preachers have turned their backs upon the rights of the people in deference to the will of the princes, as Martin Luther turned his back upon the cause of the peasants during the Peasants' War. It is a question worthy of an answer.

WHEN AN ADVERSE MAJORITY of more than half a million votes is piled up against a man or a measure in New York State it cannot be explained by a sneer. To say that the revised Constitution was torpedoed by Tammany is inadequate, because it was also shot to pieces in the most inveterate and impregnable Republican zones. The reasons I would give are: First, what was good in it was too good—ten years ahead and ten miles above the mental and moral capacity of the average citizen; second, the bad in it, chiefly negative, was magnified into a positive menace by class or sectional interests; third, the Republican gain in the legislative vote indicates that the party managers focused their strength on party issues, chiefly with a view to the 1916 election; fourth, the people are chary of legislative novelties and want "peace at any price" in internal government; fifth, nearly every one is preoccupied and overshadowed by the international cataclysm and is in no mood for pulling up stakes at home. The defeat is the kind of blunder that a democracy can make and—correct later.

JOSEPH H. ODELL, D.D.

Americans Watch a Battle from Their Home Grounds



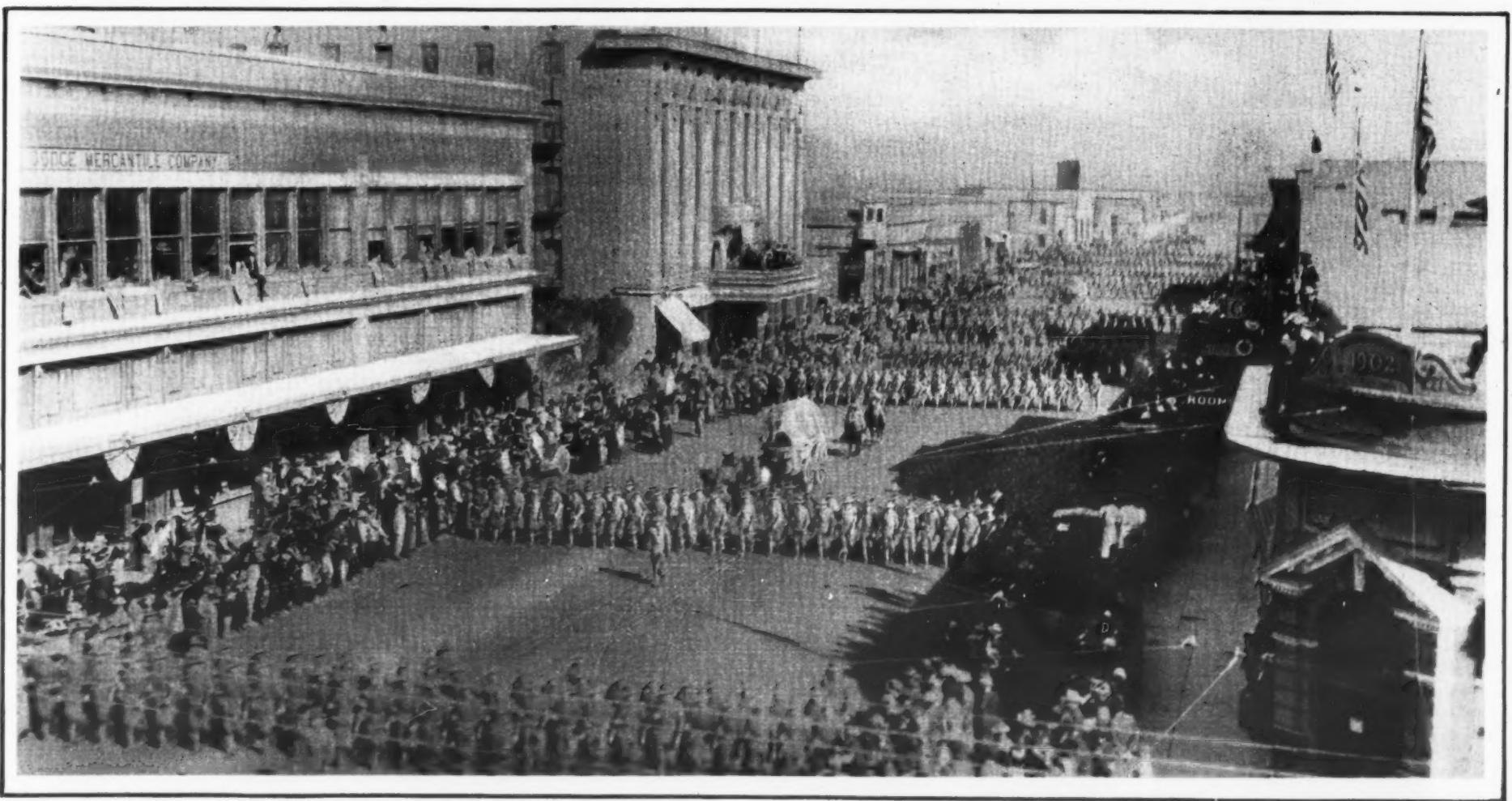
A Carranza rapid-fire cannon in action at Agua Prieta. It is almost treading upon Uncle Sam's toes, for it is within two feet of American soil, the barb-wire fence being the boundary between the United States and Mexico.



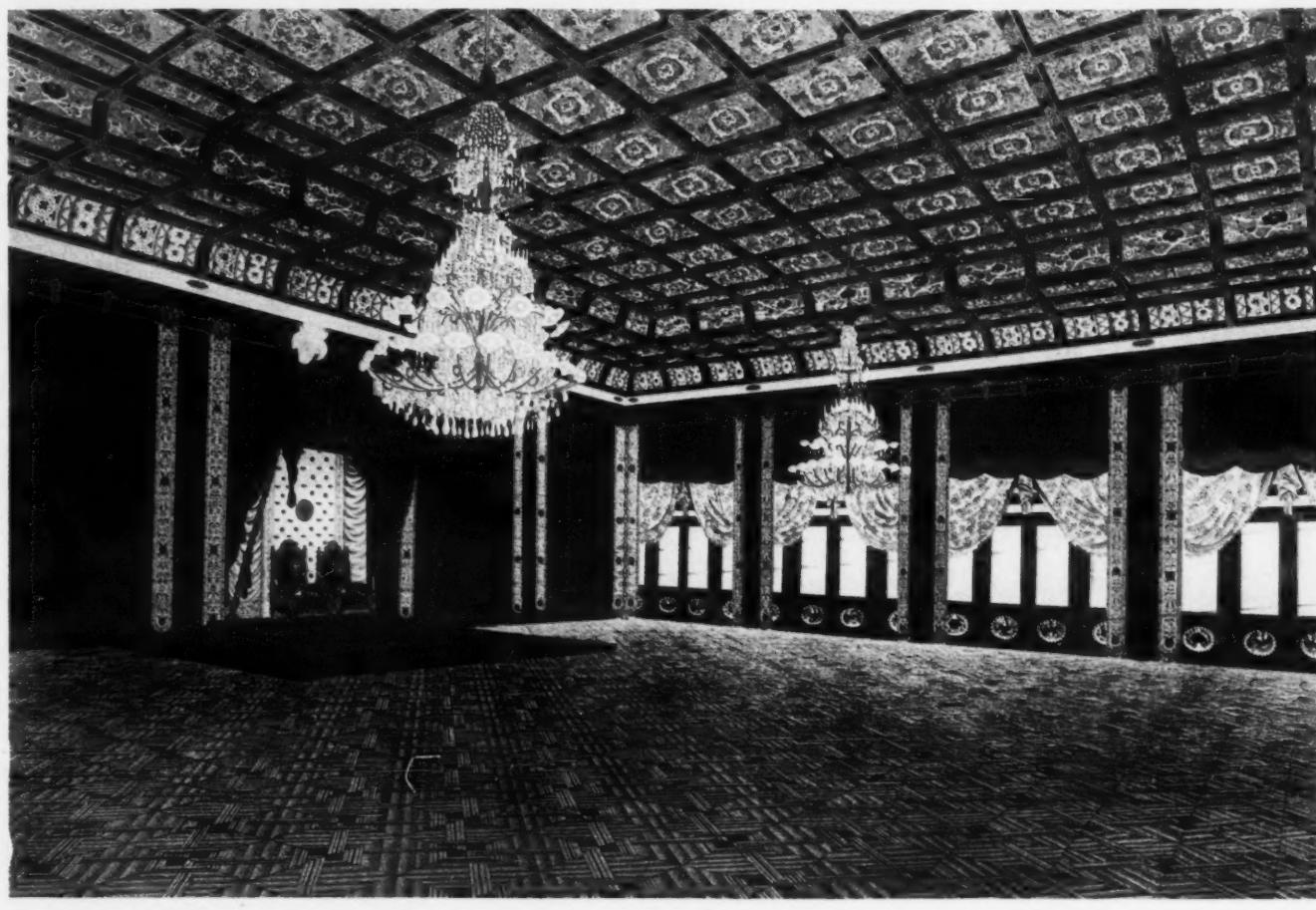
Refugees leaving Agua Prieta as the battle starts. The smoke of the conflict rises in the distance.



Battery of Carranza's small field guns protected by sand ramparts. In the background is Douglas, Arizona.



United States troops arriving at Douglas to protect the inhabitants against Mexican violence were joyfully welcomed.
(Photos © International Film Service.)



The imperial throne in the sacred hall in the imperial palace in Tokio.

AMAZING is the contrast between the induction into office of the Mikado of 1867 and that of his son, the Mikado of 1915, though both functions took place in Kyoto.

Instead of the battle-scarred and fire-blackened Kyoto of forty-five years ago, the City of the Ninefold Circle of Flowers has blossomed during this week with electric illumination. At the function first named there was no suggestion of things foreign or modern. All the decorations, ritual, and symbolism were according to the immemorial tradition of the land. By the proud hermits of the Imperial Court, who traced their unquestioned ancestry to the heavenly gods who created Japan as first of all lands, all aliens were deemed little better than beasts.

Even long after the Mikado's initial audience accorded to the envoys of the treaty nations the divine person of the Emperor must needs be purged of all evil influences, resulting from defiling contact with inferior mortals, by the Shinto ritual prescribed for pollution. Plentiful lustrations and fumigations were used for the exorcism. Save for the protests, even to menace, of radical reformers who had been abroad and knew the European's powers of retaliation and social humiliation, this exorcising ritual would have been openly

conducted. Even in Tokio, after the Duke of Edinburgh and our ex-Secretary of State William H. Seward had received audiences, purifying rites were gone through with. Gradually insular fanaticism cooled as Japan had more world light. The primeval cult of Shinto, once embodied politically in the Great Council of the Gods and Men, which outranked even the Great Council of the Government, was step by step reduced to a mere bureau of the Home Department. Finally, by Government edict, Shinto (Path or Way of the Superiors or Gods) was declared to be only a patriotic formula. Shinto, with its sublime and beautiful but dogmatically and ethically bald content is, of course, today, as for twelve centuries past, the ritual of the Court.

This should explain fully why Christianity is not, as such, officially or otherwise represented or "recognized" at the "coronation." No religion is.

Only officers of the Court or Government, according to their rank, are invited. Both Shinto and Buddhism, as old systems and having formerly organic connection with the Government and the Imperial Household, are represented at the inauguration. They are "recognized" only because certain of their dignitaries have a specified status as officers of the Court.

Another contrast with 1868! The British Minister, Sir Harry S. Parkes, who, as he told the writer, always "took precautions," was invited on March 27, for the first time, to audience of the boy-Mikado, (born on the day that President Fillmore ordered Commodore Perry, in the U. S. S. Mississippi, to proceed to Japan,) and then but 15 years old. How the fanatic Shintoists and black-toothed Court nobles raved over the imminent pollution of their deity in the shrine! As the direct representative of the gods, the Mikado's palace is a Miya, or temple. Japan is even yet a church nation—with modern limitations.

Sir Harry, knowing the risks from ro-nin, or masterless sword wearers, and from militant, unfrocked priests, whose habit was to fill up on cheap, hot saké, rich in fusel oil, before running amuck, took extra precautions. His escort, consisting of legation police, lancers, and infantry soldiers, numbering nearly fifty well-armed men, was preceded and followed by a Japanese guard 100 strong. The danger, if any, would be in threading the narrow streets before reaching the broad thoroughfares in the old palace environs. Kyoto and New York are wonderfully alike in having imposing avenues—and the east side. With lance, sword, revolver, rifle, bayonet, and 200 men, what ground for fear?

Suddenly, as a street corner was turned by the head of the column, two killing machines—man and blade being apparently one and the same thing—fell like a meteor into the procession. Within five minutes nine men and five horses were slashed. Lance, sword, and ball failed to down the assassins, until the sword of Sir Harry's Japanese companion flashed and hacked off a head and displayed his ghastly trophy. The other assassin lost his nodde next day on the execution ground.

Now, in the Era of Great Righteousness, begun July 30, 1912, on the decease of Mutsuhito the Great, his only son, Yoshihito (Good or Excellent Man)—for the Mikado has no family name—born Aug. 31, 1879, and married May 10, 1900, to the Princess Sada, born June 25, 1884, succeeds in the oldest dynasty of rulers in the world. By conventional language, he "ascends the throne."

In Old Japan the place and emblem of supreme power was a square mat,

The Mikado's The Ceremonies of Today By William

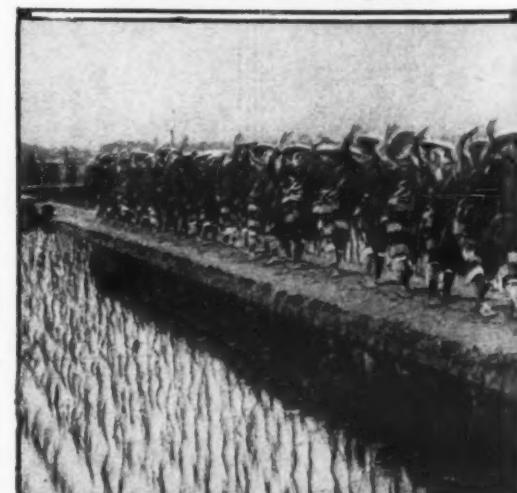
One of the most widely recognized living authorities
author of many books on Japan



A male dancer in the national Japanese opera of "No."



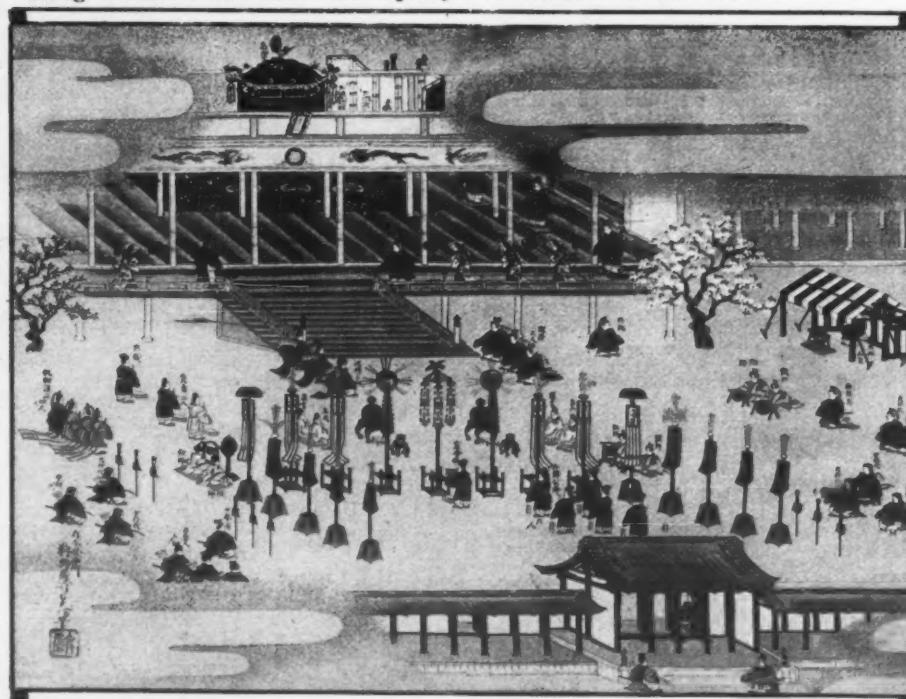
Yoshihito, the new Emperor.



Sacred girls engaging in one of the beau-

only a few inches high. Except that it differed from the black-edged tatami in the average dwelling only in showing a binding of silk in colors, there was little that was imposing about the imperial seat. The relic may now be seen among the things discarded in the museums in Tokio.

Nor was there of old, or is there even now, a "coronation," for the Mikado wears no crown, and as an emblem of power this bauble has ever been unknown in the realm. The only time and place in which I ever saw a crown in



A faithful Japanese drawing of an old inaugural ceremony.
(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)

Installation and Those of Other Times Elliott Griffis

on the subject of Japan and its history, and the
and the other countries of the East.



A female dancer in "No," which is now
being presented.



The Empress Sadako of Japan.



tiful ceremonies of the sacred rice.

Japan was in 1872 at Shidzuoka, the home of the exiled Yedo ex-Shogun, and the "Saint Helena of Tokugawism"—the Tokugawa Dynasty having ruled, some say as usurpers of the Mikado's power, in Yedo from 1604 until 1868. In the curiosity shop of presents sent out from Europe by potentates, in treaty-making days, were several gilded models of the crowns worn by sovereigns.

Of old, not until the silver wedding of the late Emperor and Empress in 1888, did the Imperial pair sit or stand,



A banquet hall in the imperial palace, where many functions are being held this week.

ride or walk together in public. I remember a native gentleman resenting with some warmth the idea, as almost the suggestion of an insult, that Imperial husband and wife were equal. Happily, Mutsuhito—foreign etiquette making it easy—changed all that. The Constitution follows the Salic law against female succession to the throne, and there will never be a tenth female Mikado, though there have been nine in history; but the social equality of Imperial husband and wife is assured, and three sons born to them since 1901 mean the abolition of polygamy.

In 1915 instead of a mat there is a takamikura, High Treasure Place or Royal Throne several feet high, ascended by steps, on which sit his Majesty and Empress Consort. In fact, however, since her fourth experience of motherhood draws nigh, the Empress "Sadako" will remain in Tokio.

Again, contrast with 1869, when two thousand ultra-patriotic and religious fanatics threw themselves on the ground before the Mikado's chariot (bullock cart) and implored the Son of Heaven not to pollute himself with foreigners in Tokio. He refused and went on. When his bride, the late Empress, attempted to leave Kyoto, the sacred city, these same fire-eaters prevented her journey and compelled a delay of six months. The former journey over the Tokardo occupied twelve days. It is now done in fewer hours.

The new Throne, with raised seat for Emperor and Empress, is rich in symbols and decorations—the Phoenix, mystic bird of happy omen, whose advent presages prosperity; the outraging sun, and other tokens of joy. The same suggestions of felicity may be traced in the antique dresses of the dancers, male and female, who in the opera of "No" interpret in motion, with song accompaniment, many an incident in Japan's classic lore. The plum blossom, the bamboo, and the pine especially signify the course of human life, in youth, vigorous mid-life, and severe old age.

In place of the austere severe "Throne Room" of 1867, one sees today intaglio floors and fretted ceilings, which in artistic detail and extravagance of splendor rival those in the other palaces of Europe. Crystal chandeliers, with a dazzling firmament of electric bulbs, outrival the sun. In

both royal banquet hall and coronation chamber the striking feature is the throne, heavily curtained with crimson silk of richest texture.

In Japan rice is the staff of life. Without it in old days the people perished. Famine claimed its millions. Pimpled is the ancient and appealing landscape with mounds of bone and ashes from the cremation fires. These are now overgrown and their significance often forgotten. Hence around this staple of rice gather ritual, art, song, dance, poetry, and a rich symbolism which forms part of the coronation ceremonies. When in primeval ages the celestial army was sent to earth by the Sun-Goddess, progenitor of Japan, rice grains were thrown into the air to form the food of the inhabitants.

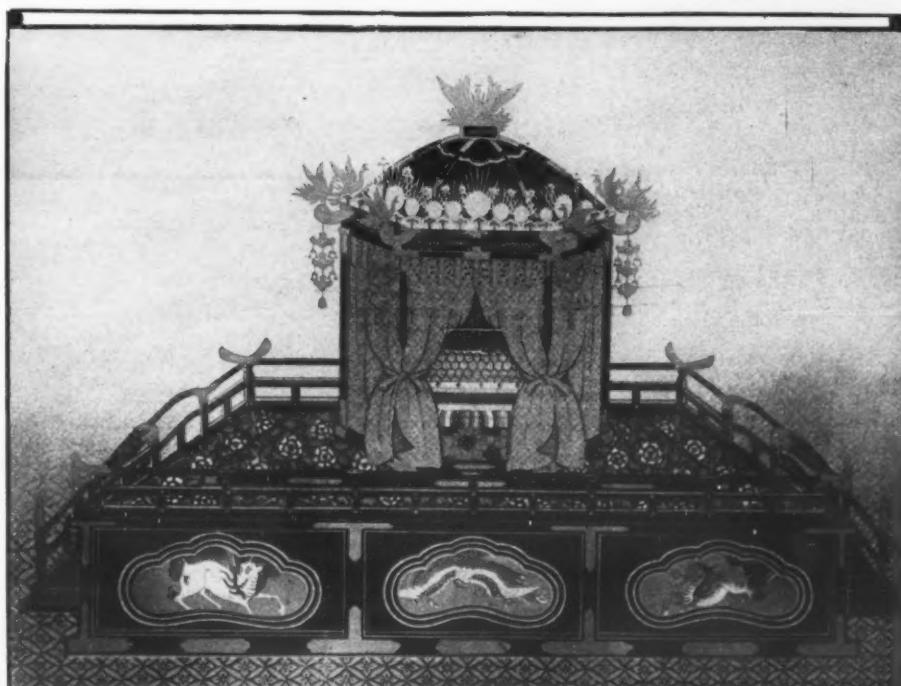
For this function, on coronation occasions, beautiful maidens, arrayed in pilgrim garb, scatter joyfully, and with song cast the rice grains first skyward and then to earth. Then, purified and symbolically costumed tillers of the soil follow the ancient word, "cast thy bread upon the waters." After a moon's change men with flower-tufted hats transplant in rows the plants in the irrigated fields. In due season the ripened straw, heavy with grain, is drawn through the primitive threshing-iron

teeth, and the white grains consecrated to holy use. It is not an accident that the inauguration of the Emperor, born Aug. 31, is postponed until the time of ingathering of the rice harvest.

Those who would enjoy reading the Shinto ritual of prayers for the Mikado and of offerings may read them in English translation by Sir Edward M. Latow in the "Translations of the Asiatic Society of Japan." The chief ritualist in 1915 is Iwakura, son of the late Prime Minister, who headed the embassy in 1873 and whose two sons, brothers of the Court ritualist, were educated at New Brunswick, N. J.

In the local ceremonies, besides the celebrations in the large cities, in which Christian, Shinto, Buddhist, and each fraternity or interest may unite or differentiate, there will be village frolics and pageants. In these, as in a thousand Autumns past, the supreme attraction will be "The Comedy Which Makes the Gods Laugh"; Uzumé, the mirth-provoking goddess—the "Heavenly Alarming Female"—will repeat her pranks, and the "Lion of Korea" will delight and thrill rustic audiences with ancient quips and modern quirks. Nov. 10 will be remembered as Japan's supreme day of joy.

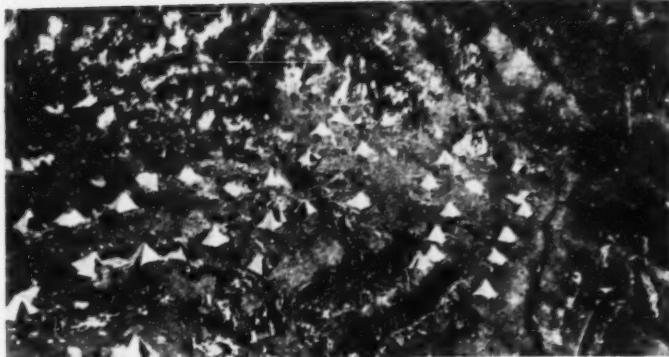
WILLIAM ELLIOTT GRIFFIS.



The Takamikura, or throne—now first used in an Emperor's inaugural.
(Photos from Paul Thompson.)



Cyclist Corps of Italian Bersaglieri crossing a valley of the Carso plateau.



Camp of Bersaglieri. In foreground are Austrian prisoners awaiting immurement.

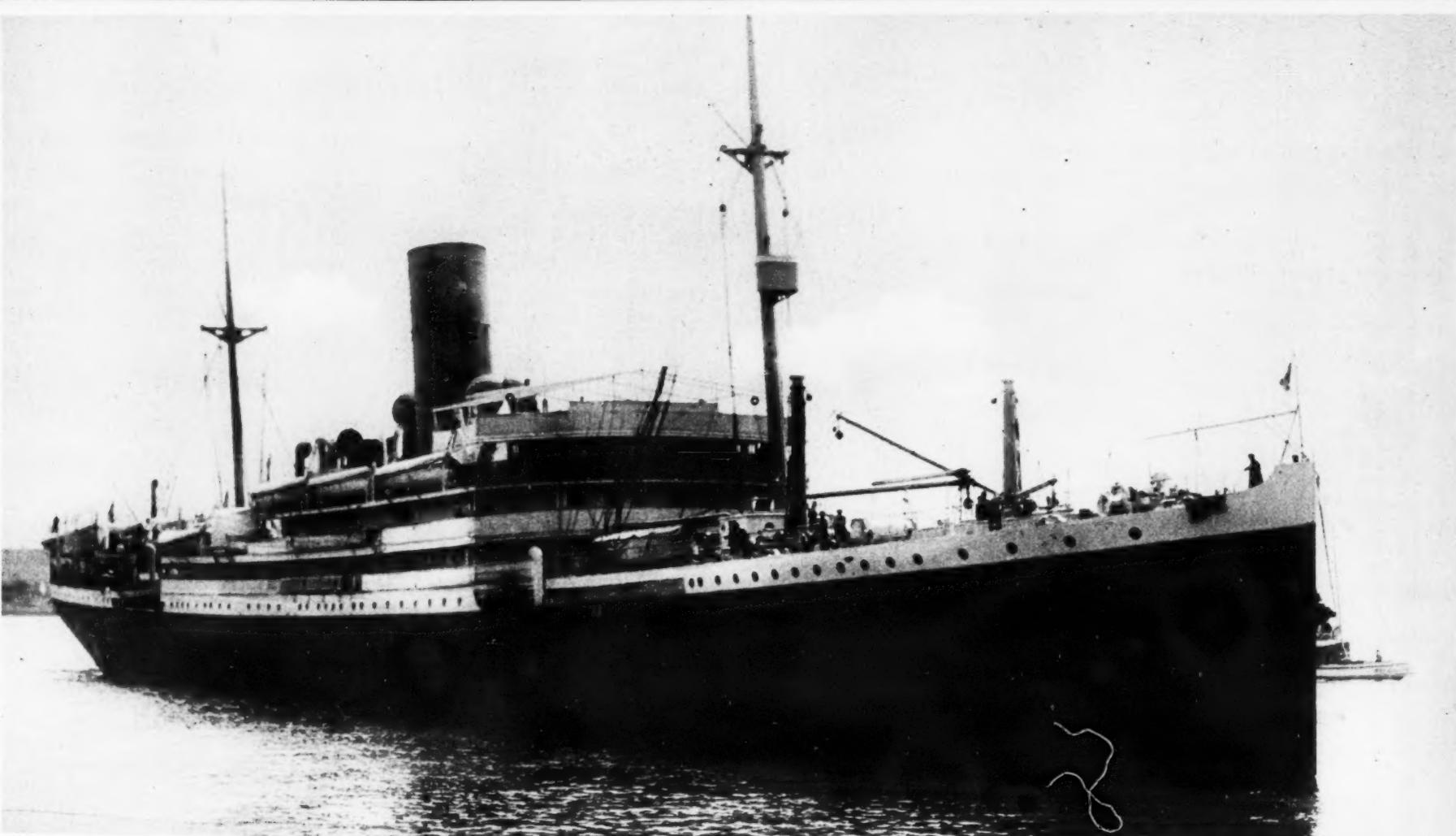


Austrian Brigadier General observing an Italian position in Tyrol.



An advanced Austrian position in Tyrol held by an improvised trench.
(Medem Photo Service, © International News Service, and © Universal Press Syndicate.)

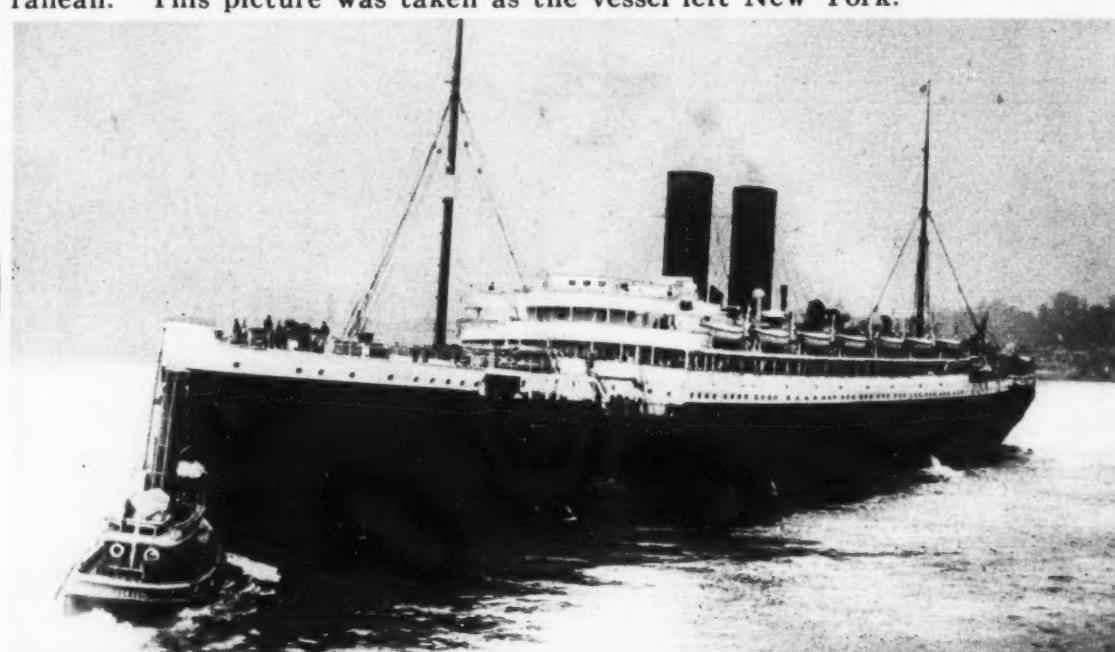
Ships Which Loomed Large in the Week's News



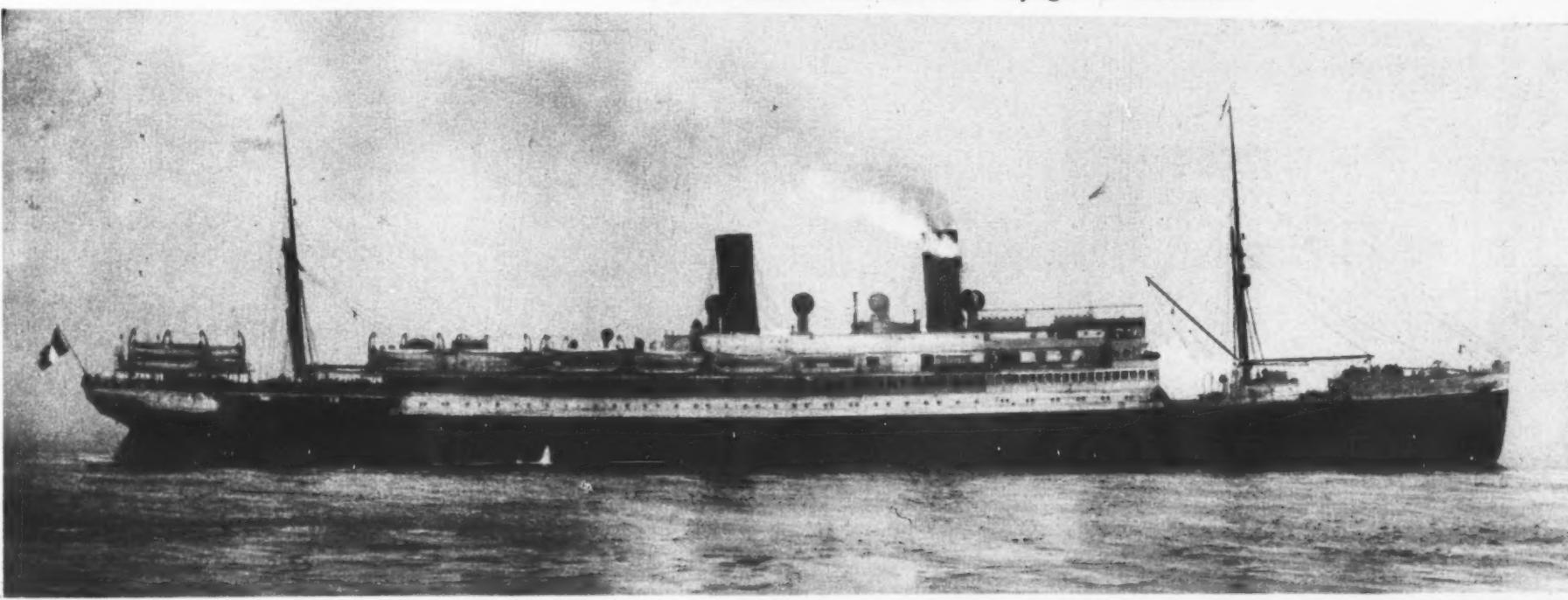
The Italian liner Ancona which was shelled and sunk by a submarine in the Mediterranean. This picture was taken as the vessel left New York.



Captain Pietro Massardo, who was in command of the stricken Ancona.



The French liner Rochambeau, fire in whose coal bunkers caused her to change her course and head for Halifax. The blaze was subdued, however, and the steamer resumed her voyage for Bordeaux.



The new quadruple-screw steamer Lafayette of the French Line arriving at this port on her maiden voyage. The Lafayette is 610 feet long, with a beam of 64 feet. Her horse power is 20,000.



Supplement to The New York Times Mid-Week Pictorial, November 18, 1915.

Painted by Georges Scott, copyrighted by Manzi, Joyant & Co.

Under the Wings

NOV 18 1915

A Charge of the "Pious" in the Face of a Rain



"Forward—Fill Up the Gaps—Str
(Painted by Georges Scott for *L'Illustration*)

a Rank-Shattering Fire from the German Guns



Gaps—Straighten the Line!"
(cott for *L'illustration*, © 1915.)



New Maps, New Names to Make—Old Constitutions to Mend

By Charles Johnston

WHEN the war is over there will be some making of maps!

Meanwhile, we all buy them, and they are all wrong. Kaiser Wilhelm Land and the Bismarck Archipelago have been "wiped off the map," figuratively, not in fact. Luderitz-Bucht, in Botha's new South African province, has re-become Angra Pequena—the old Portuguese for Little Bay, a name going back almost to Vasco de Gama's time, when a man might discover an Indie.

On the other hand, who will undertake to spell correctly the names in Belgium? Should they be French, or Flemish, Walloon, or German—or English, like Brussels? And there is Poland. We never could spell Polish names; even to look at them in print is like eating shad—very nice, but too many bones. In my heart I cherish a secret hope: the Maoris of New Zealand are fighting in this war. They have a lovely liquid tongue, with only three or four consonants, and not the hard ones at that. Well, I hope they will conquer, or reconquer, or do something very inclusive to Poland—and remake the names in the Maori tongue.

They would be just the guys to take the z out of Przmysl. If you do not believe, listen, and be convinced. Out of words like Genesis and Samuel and Joshua, the Maoris have made Kenehi, Hamuera, Hohua. That's what needs to be done with Przmysl and Wyszkow and Oshkosh, and all the other Polish names. Also Hungary. Did you ever try to buy a ticket from Felegyhaza to Szoboszlo, just as the train was starting? This thing has gone on long enough! And, besides, we have an intuition that Comrade Ferdinand may want to go to just those places—he has estates in Hungary—and we don't want him delayed. So let the Maoris come, with words like Aeaea or Ohoioio. I can conceive Ferdinand want-

ing to say something like that. Yes, and there will certainly be "old Constitutions to mend," especially down the

Balkan way. The people there did not quite know what they were doing, and they have been let in. Take Bulgaria.

(French papers please copy this sentence.) As we said, take Bulgaria. In 1879, shortly after Beaconsfield and Bismarck had made that lovely treaty at Berlin, with a murder hid in every letter of it, and while Bulgaria was still a vassal of the potent Turk, they, assembled a real Sobranje at Trnovo—the Bulgarian Tara—and made a constitution that was a dandy.

A Prince came out of Russia to show how it should be done. They turned him down; thought his one too autocratic; made one of their own, did those guileless Bulgars, and put into it things like manhood suffrage—if the other kind had been the fashion then they would have put that in, too—and a single Chamber and prohibition of titles; things to make the gentleman of 1787 look like mastodons for unmodernity. Then they laughed at that Russian Prince and put in a whole lot of things, from the British Constitution, about the duties of the Ruler; things they did not know the meaning of; things like the Ruler being "supreme Head of all the military forces," holding the Executive power, and dismissing Parliament.

Then, in the fulness of time, Ferdinand happened. He knows the meaning of them. And acts according. Greece the same. Rumania the same. Their nations do not own them. Their Parliaments do not own them. Majorities in their Single Chambers might as well be in Przmysl. They are ruled by two German men and two German women; two Ferdinands, an Eleonora and a Sophie—and all because of their lovely Constitutions, which they borrowed without learning about the works! So there will be Constitutions to mend!

Later. Might it not be well for New York to get into the war—not very far in—just toward the end, when they are going to put sweetness and light into the Constitutions?

CHARLES JOHNSTON.



Field Marshal Putnik, Chief of the Serbian General Staff, is the effective commander of the army headed by Prince Alexander.



The above birdseye view covers the district between the Serbian frontier at Gevgeli northward through the Vardar Valley toward Uskub to Vranye. Within this area three Bulgarian advances have taken place. One has been toward Veles, another toward Uskub, and another toward Vranye. The advance toward Vranye and Uskub is here shown crossing the plain of Ovchepolie, which is a notable feature of this part of Serbia.

The railway station at Strumitsa is situated close to the bridge which

crosses the River Vardar, but is several miles from the town of Strumitsa itself.

In the centre of this view is seen the main Saloniki-Nish railway passing through Krivolak, where French forces were reported at the beginning of this week. This part of the Vardar Valley has very steep sides, culminating at Demir Kapu, the Serbian "Iron Gate," which must not be confounded with the famous Iron Gate on the Danube.

(Drawn by D. Macpherson for The Sphere, London. © 1915, by N. Y. H. Co.)

Help for French Children Orphaned by the War

By Roger Boutet de Monvel

Roger Boutet de Monvel, son of the well-known French painter, is here to superintend the arranging and executing of an unusual charitable affair. This is a fashion fete opening at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York next Monday, in which beautiful and expensive gowns, the latest product of Paris designers, will be exhibited through the medium of a two-act play written by M. de Monvel himself. The young Frenchman, who was wounded early in the war while serving as aid upon the General Staff, is not venturing upon new ground in play-writing, for he has already written several sketches for the stage.

To stage a fashion play with such properties as the wonderful gowns and hats which the famous French couturiers have produced for their Paris Fashion Fête at the Ritz-Carlton the week of Nov. 22, is quite a departure from my sedentary occupation as the assistant director of the Musée Carnavalet, and quite different from fighting at the front in the French Army. However, I love new sensations, and that of being here in this impressive and gigantic city, welcomed so amiably by so many friends of my country, is one that I shall remember and cherish during many years to come.

I am glad to be afforded an opportunity to come to America to put on this little play in an earnest effort to raise funds for such a worthy charity as the Orphelinat de la Grande Couture Française, an orphanage which the Paris dressmakers are establishing at Billancourt for the children of Paris dressmakers whose fathers have been killed in battle and whose mothers are too ill or too aged to support these children.

As I look back to that worst moment of my life, when as a private in the ranks I was wounded at Ypres with a bullet in my leg, I recall vividly what my thoughts were at that time. I lay there on the ground back of a little furrow whither I had dragged myself; my comrades had all charged on ahead. The "marmittes" were bursting about me every minute with their shrieking, whistling noise—the deafening roar of big guns in the distance—it was quite an experience! Like many other wounded, I waited there, hoping that a stretcher would come along and pick me up and take me to the emergency field hospital, and, as the hours passed—weeks it seemed—one single fear kept recurring to my mind. I was not worried about my wound; I was not afraid to die. It was the deep chagrin at being left behind, combined with the thought that from that time on I might be of no more possible good to France. If a bursting shell did not kill me I would be sent home and thrown into the discard—the human junk pile.

And so, with no other more serious wounds than a torn thumb and a bullet in my leg, I was sent back—*reformé*, as we say. For months I was in a convalescing hospital in Belgium.

Therefore, it is some consolation for me to know that while I am not fit for active service at present, being unable to run or even walk fast, or shoulder a gun, that the opportunity has been afforded me to write a little play which will be a component part of the Fashion Fête, and to know that by doing so I have helped in raising funds for those unfortunate French children. Of course, the plot is not very intricate. As you say about your musical comedies here, they must never have too much plot to interfere with the rest of the show. My plot centres around a young and very modern French girl who comes to America with her very staid and prim aunt of the Quartier Saint-Germain, Paris, and the two meet an American girl who is a friend of the French ingenue. This American girl is also afflicted with a perfectly correct maiden aunt from New England.

The Parisienne has come direct from France, with not only trunks full of

finery of her own, but also she has selected and ordered the whole trousseau for her American girl friend, recently affianced, who, owing to the war, has not ventured across the water. The two girls, anxious to glory in their shop full of finery, hire a retinue of mannequins, and thus they spend the afternoon, to the horror of their elderly chaperons, in having these mannequins appear before them in all these exquisite creations. The gowns include the *haute couture* of Poiret, Worth, Doucet, Paquin, Premet, Jenny, Lanvin, Callot, and Cheruit. This offers an opportunity to display the entire remarkable collection of the Syndicat de la Grande Couture Française.

In putting on this little playlet I will have the valuable assistance and co-operation of Mme. Ramon Fernandez, than whom is no better-dressed woman in Paris; M. Philippe Ortiz, American representative of La Grande Couture Française, and of those here who are interested in seeing this movement a success. Had it not been that the collection embodies such an element



MME. RAMON FERNANDEZ.

This representative of well-dressed Paris is assisting in the fashion fête for the benefit of dependents of costumers slain while fighting.

(Photo © Ira L. Hill.)

of art and genius I would not have been especially interested in fashions, although, as we all know, fashion is

the completion of woman, and as such deserves the co-operation of every one in any movement which tends to es-



ROGER BOUTET DE MONVEL.
Gowns will star in his play for charity
at the Ritz-Carlton next week.

Establish the superiority of those who, for centuries past, have adorned woman from head to foot.

This is my first trip to America, and I must say that I find New York a most distinctive city. I find that all descriptions of the metropolis which I have read or all accounts of it which I have heard from friends are quite inadequate. Published descriptions of New York did not convey an idea of its real atmosphere. It seems so strange to see thousands of automobiles and many buses on Fifth Avenue, after one has come direct from Paris, where so few automobiles are now in use, practically all having been commandeered by the army. As I remarked upon coming up the harbor, the entrance to New York is magnificent. I have never seen any other harbor like it in the world. The tall buildings from a distance struck me like some ancient city greatly magnified—a modern Babylon on a gigantic scale, perhaps. I was interested in viewing the Statue of Liberty, whose history is known to every French as well as to each American child. The coloring of it is superb, the green and gold of the bronze beaten into beautiful harmony by the wind and the weather.

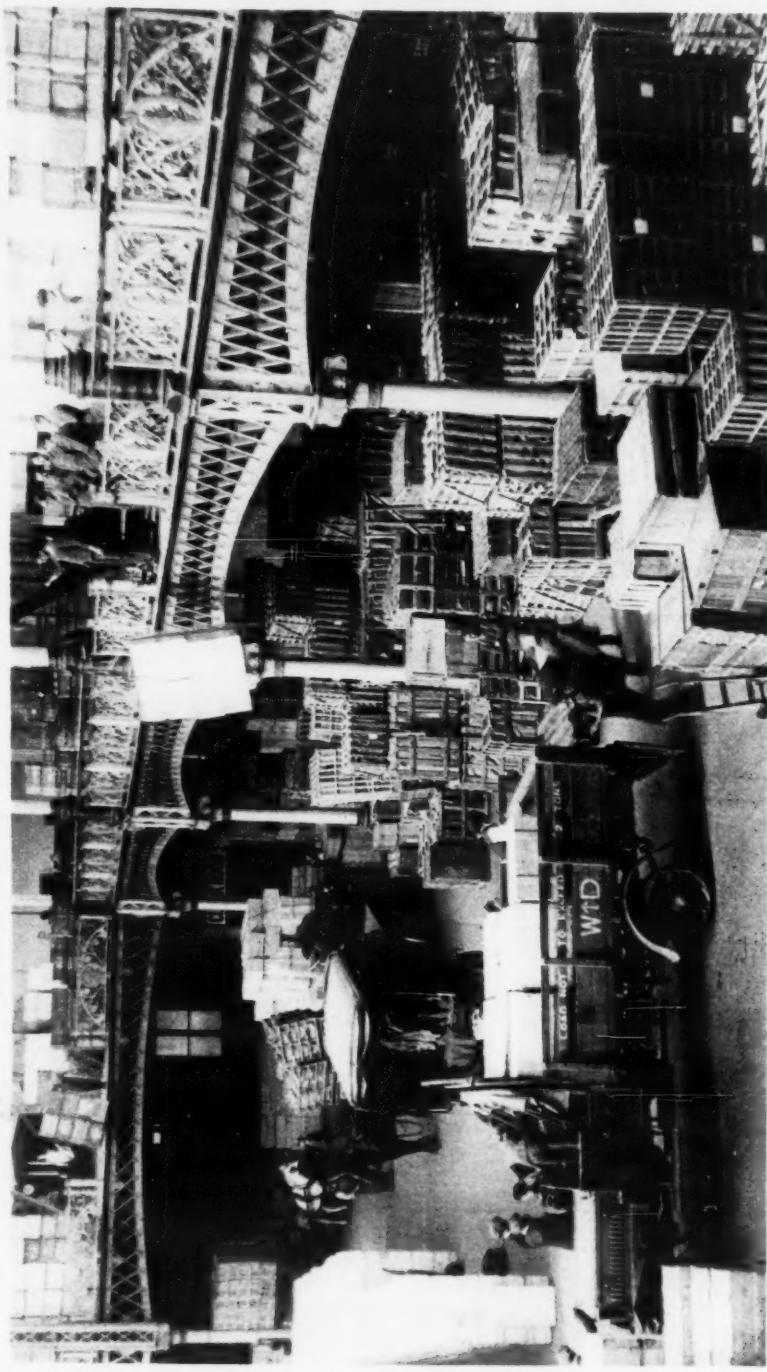
While my stay here must of necessity be brief, I expect to secure here material for literary and dramatic work when I return to France, although I do not expect to do much of this until after the war is over. I hope to produce some writings which will interest American readers as much as those of my works which already have been translated into English.

ROGER BOUTET DE MONVEL.

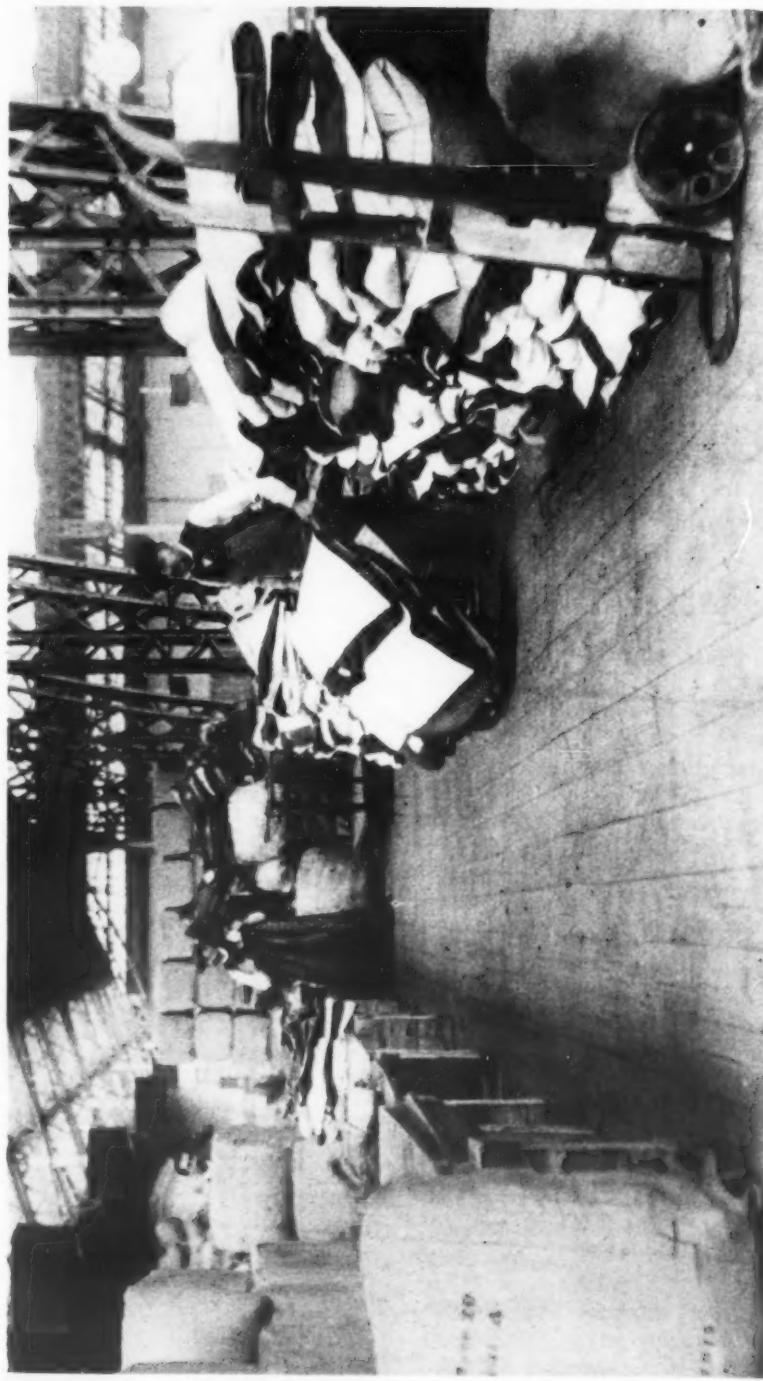
Preparations to Outfit British Forces for the Winter Go Forward on a Vast Scale



Every piece of khaki—and that means many square miles weekly, just now—is inspected by hand and refolded by machinery.



This is only one corner of a dispatch department whence Winter supplies for the British expeditionary troops are being shipped constantly.



Bales of warm wearables whose mission will be to rob Winter cold of all terror for the British soldiers in the field abroad.

(Photos from Paul Thompson.)

Heavy Winter overcoats are baled like hides by thousands and each bale is made compact by a powerful press of the above type.

Changes in London's Life Are for the Better

By May Bateman

New York Times Mid-Week Pictorial — New Days Service.

CITIES change their character to the observer not only from the events which made them but from the character of their inmates. The unobservant spectators, coming suddenly upon London, would see perhaps no marked differences. There are still customers in her shops; there are still women in motor-cars; amusement may be had here if you care to pay for it. In her thoroughfares are young and hale civilians; there are no obvious traces of the work of the Flying Death; the tangible differences surely lie in the number of Red Cross cars, the lorries laden with men in khaki or in blue? London emphatically is not the London which the German press would have the neutral powers conceive—panic-stricken uneasy.

But to the seeing eye there is an all-important change. The mentality of the people of London is transformed and her gray walls and buildings are mirrors. Look at the faces of passers-by in any of the main arteries; recall for a moment the faces of your own friends. Their expressions are different. Mourning has swept them with her

faces of men and women of the leisured class, at least, it could often be seen. Indifference, weariness, boredom, apathy—you saw this at the play; at the Berkeley, at dinner; at Hurlingham. We did not, as was done in certain cities abroad, set ourselves seriously to the invention of fresh sins because old ones no longer tickled our palates; but then we are not, as a whole, an inventive nation. But we did, some of us, find our amusements intolerably tedious; we were often bored and fretful, and the emptiness of our lives made the look of our faces—had we but known it—correspondingly vacant.

Now we lead healthy lives and look better. Even physically our contours have changed. The average man has a more soldierly bearing. The average woman walks more and eats simpler food. We have run amuck among the little gods of self-indulgence and pleasure.

Everywhere are anomalies. Unresponsive schoolboys, who sat but lately unmoved while their elders felt their blood tingle at some tale of adventure, have become men before our amazed



"THOSE WHO HAVE GIVEN US THE GLORY OF THEIR MANHOOD." Fresh troops from the Dominion of Canada who have heard the call of a Britain in distress.

Photos by Paul Thompson.

wings even if she has not actually inclosed them for a while; many are feeling the pinch of real poverty; nearly all in one way or another have had financial loss. Yet the look upon today's faces is not a look of gloom or discontent. * * *

In June last year there was more discontent afloat than now. Upon the

eyes. We have seen them visibly adjust the dignity and the fixed determination that was latent in them as if dignity and high purpose had been there from the first. Men whom in our scanty knowledge we called "decadents," because of their clothes and their mannerisms, have enlisted and returned from action with the cleansed look of



"THE DAY IS NOT LONG ENOUGH FOR ALL WE HAVE TO DO." These two girls, comfortably arranged for their work in masculine garb, are picking damsons to be used for blue carpet dye in place of the German dye.

those who have bathed in the waters of Jordan.

At the beginning of the war I spoke to a shopman in a little country town—a man who had raised his business himself without any influence or help and was beginning to succeed. He had only two sons, and one had left him to enlist almost at the first call of the guns; the other was on fire to go too. "For the moment I could not spare him," he said. "It was selfishness, perhaps. But I've promised him that if his brother is killed or maimed he shall go at once." (The looking-glass world

There has come upon us nationally a great steadfastness; a courage much loftier than the courage of yesterday. We do not undervalue the worth of human life, but we are less concerned

with the value of our own. The young are doing better with their youth than we did in their day. Individually we set to work to put our house in order and pick up as much as possible of the wreckage we made, and wish our beloved godspeed with something working in our hearts which is nearer shame than envy.

The day is not long enough for all we have to do, spurred by this new virility. We have but to turn to those who have given the glory of their manhood for us to brace ourselves anew for tasks which bring us strange happiness side by side with bodily fatigue.

There—in a word—is the paradox. For we know now that happiness and pain grow side by side.

MAY BATEMAN.



"THE YOUNG ARE DOING BETTER WITH THEIR YOUTH THAN WE DID."

The children here shown have sent the funds collected for their annual Sunday School treat to provide comforts for British prisoners of war in Germany.

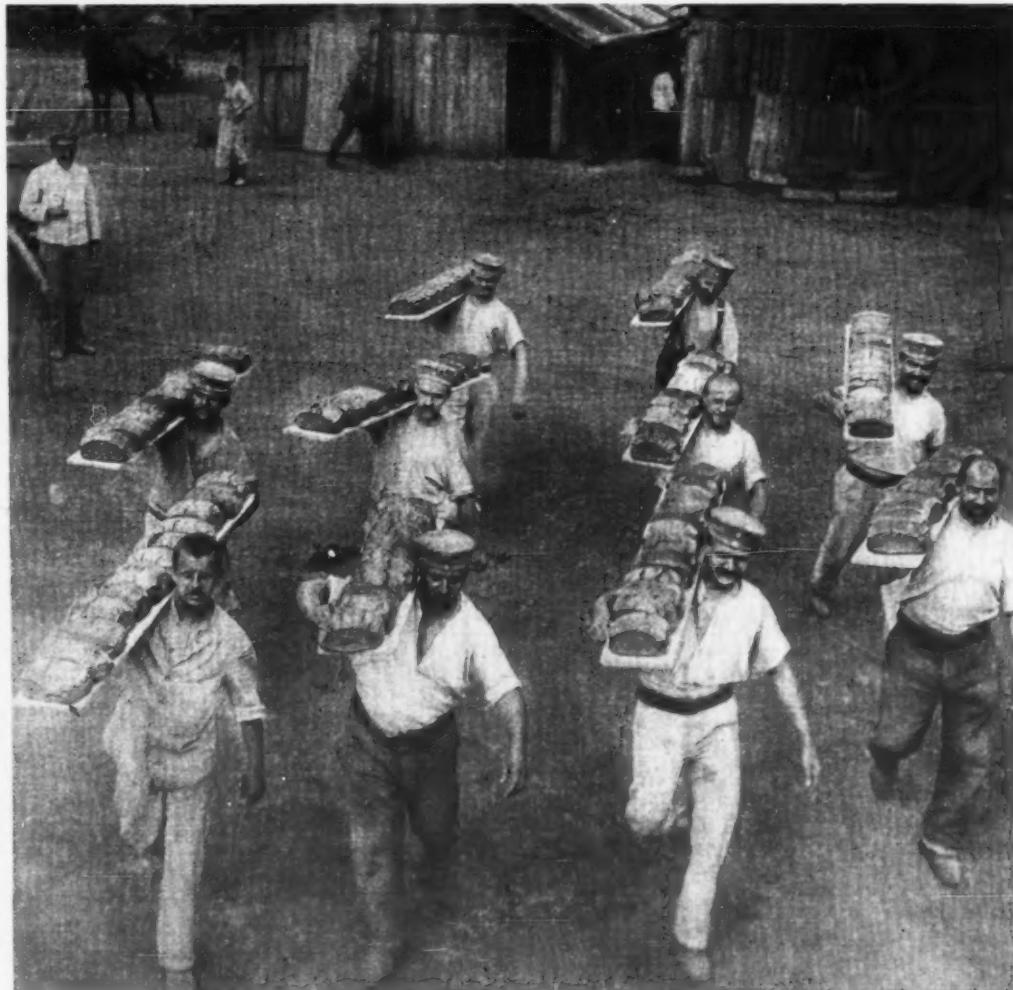
How German Fighting Men Get the Staff of Life



Twenty-five thousand loaves of bread in the storeroom of a German field bakery.
(Photos from Paul Thompson.)



Loading cars with bread for the trenchers
men in the trenches.



From the hot mouths of ovens to
the bread storeroom.



THAT GERMANY, SOONER OR later, would resort to some expediency to conceal the number of her submarines captured, sunk, or permanently submerged by the various devices employed by the British Admiralty, was inevitable. The names of such lost craft to the number of eighteen are on record, but it has been officially reported that the "unknowns" number twenty or thirty. This has been denied by the German Admiralty, and in proof thereof a number of submarines formerly reported as lost are now shown to be in commission. One such boat is the U-8, recently stranded on the coast of Holland and interned by the Dutch Government. In designating this boat as the U-8, however, a careless selection was made. There is absolutely no doubt about the fate of the original U-8. She was sunk off Dover on March 4 last. Her twenty-nine survivors were taken to England, isolated, and threatened with trial for murder, and, in the controversy that ensued she was always designated by the British and German press and Governments as the "U-8."

IN REPEATEDLY CONDEMNING the Zeppelin raids on London it has been pointed out that they are of no military value to the Germans, as even their mission of "frightfulness" miscarries, as is shown by the increase in enlistments which follow each slaughter of civilians and destruction of their habitations. It is evident, however, that the British Government is taking extraordinary means to counteract these raids. Such means imply a large expenditure of money, men, and war material. Thus if the German Zeppelins succeed in diverting such expenditure from the Continent, where it might be used aggressively, to England, where it can only be used defensively, it can hardly be said that their raids are of no military value.

ADISTINCTION WITHOUT A difference seems to exist between the property in Belgium, France, and Russia on territory occupied by the German armies and that in England owned by Germans. As the former is constantly being taken over by the German State in open defiance of international law and precedent, why should not the latter be taken over by the British Crown? According to the latest report of the British Trustee, German-owned property representing capital and interest in England amounts to \$423,000,000. The returns due Englishmen, since the war began, on capital invested in Germany amount to \$275,000,000. At least, why should not English holders of German non-paying securities be remunerated to this extent?

TURNING THE UNIVERSITY towns of Cambridge and Oxford into military centres has doubtless saved from ruin many lodging house and shopkeepers, for the falling off in the number of students has been appalling. The average annual attendance in normal times at the seventeen colleges of Cambridge University is 2,900; at the twenty-one colleges of Oxford, 3,500. Last Lent the attendance had dropped to 600 at Cambridge, and to 1,071 at Oxford. This October the Freshman matriculations totalled: Cambridge, 296, and Oxford, 310.

ONE OF THE GREAT MYSTERIES of the war is Italy's attitude toward Germany. Italy is formally at war with Germany's three allies, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria, diplomatic relations have been broken off between Rome and Berlin, and Bavarian troops have shot Italian troops on the Isonzo front, and

have been captured there, although their character has been officially concealed. Still no declaration of war has passed between the chancelleries of the

the Peninsula when the war is over. The ante-bellum commercial treaties will still be in force. Italy may also benefit by them and will at once as-



THE \$4,000,000 BETHLEHEM STEEL FIRE.

This was the first of four disastrous conflagrations in war-supply factories which occurred within twenty-four hours last week. The others were at the Midvale Steel and Ordnance Company's plant at Midvale, Penn.; the Trenton plant of John A. Roebling's Sons' Company, and the Baldwin Locomotive Works at Eddystone, Penn.

two nations. The advantages of such a situation to Germany are obvious—she can instantly resume her exploitation of the industries and finances of

sum a relationship with Germany more vital and intimate than that which either England, France, or Russia can hope to attain for years to come. Is



SHATTERED WALLS OF THE ROEBLING FACTORY.

Damage estimated at a million of dollars was done by the conflagration which destroyed this great rope plant at Trenton, N. J. The concern was making barbed wire for the Allies.

(Photos © International Film Service.)

Italy thus acting fairly toward her allies? The mere fact that her King and certain court personages have some \$25,000,000 invested in Krupps hardly explains the matter. There must be something else.

FEW OF THE EXPRESSIONS OF horror over the death of Miss Cavell did not contain the saving clause that her trial, conviction, and execution were entirely legal, but that the authorities should have taken into account her sex and the moral effect of such a merciless carrying out of law. But what Miss Cavell did, and confessed to having successfully done—the aiding of English soldiers to rejoin their comrades—was performed on the neutral territory of Belgium, which had been violated by Germany. Thus the illegality of her act developed its monstrous proportions, in German military eyes, merely through their own initial illegality and in contradiction to their own dictum as set forth in the *Kriegsbrauch*: "If the territory of a neutral State is entered upon by one of the nations at war for the purpose of military action, the neutral State is entitled to oppose the violation of its territory by all means in its power, and to disarm the troops which have entered it." Paradoxical as it may seem, Miss Cavell's illegal act was committed against Belgium and not against Germany.

ONE WONDERS WHAT WOULD be American appreciation of the German language and literature today if it had not been for Thomas De Quincey and Thomas Carlyle, who discovered them for intellectual England less than a century ago, when there was not a German-English dictionary in existence. Neither ever learned to speak the language. There were few who could or would teach it to them; even the German envoys at the Court of St. James insisted on conversing in French. De Quincey and Carlyle aroused English curiosity to read Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and Kant in the original, and so, in spite of its primitive syntax, illogical rhetoric and archaic Gothic characters, German had a certain vogue among the early Victorians—a vogue transplanted to America by Tichnor, Bancroft, Longfellow, and stimulated by certain German refugees fleeing from persecution at home. In France just now scholars are discussing the chances of the survival of the German language, and it is curious to note that while men like Dr. Emile Combes, Joseph Reinach, and Pierre Baudin all advise Frenchmen to learn it, it is not on account of its phonetic beauties or that it unlocks an interesting folk literature, but because of its superiority as a vehicle of business communication—the man who speaks it may thus enjoy an equal footing with the German in the great commercial revival after the war.

IN THE CONGRATULATORY notes which were exchanged the other day between the Premier of Bulgaria, M. Radoslavoff, and the Bulgarian commander, General Jecoff, who had just captured the Serbian capital of Nish, both spoke of Nish as now Bulgarian "forever." It is dangerous to pronounce on the fate of any captured city with the enemy still in the field. On Dec. 2, 1914, the Austrians occupied Belgrade for the first time in the war, and General Frank, commander of the Fifth Army Corps, sent a message to his Emperor asking his acceptance of the city as a gift on the sixty-sixth anniversary of his reign. Less than a fortnight later the Serbian flag was again flying over Belgrade, and the only Austrians in the country were some 80,000 prisoners. Not yet may Serbia have lost her faculty for administering surprises.

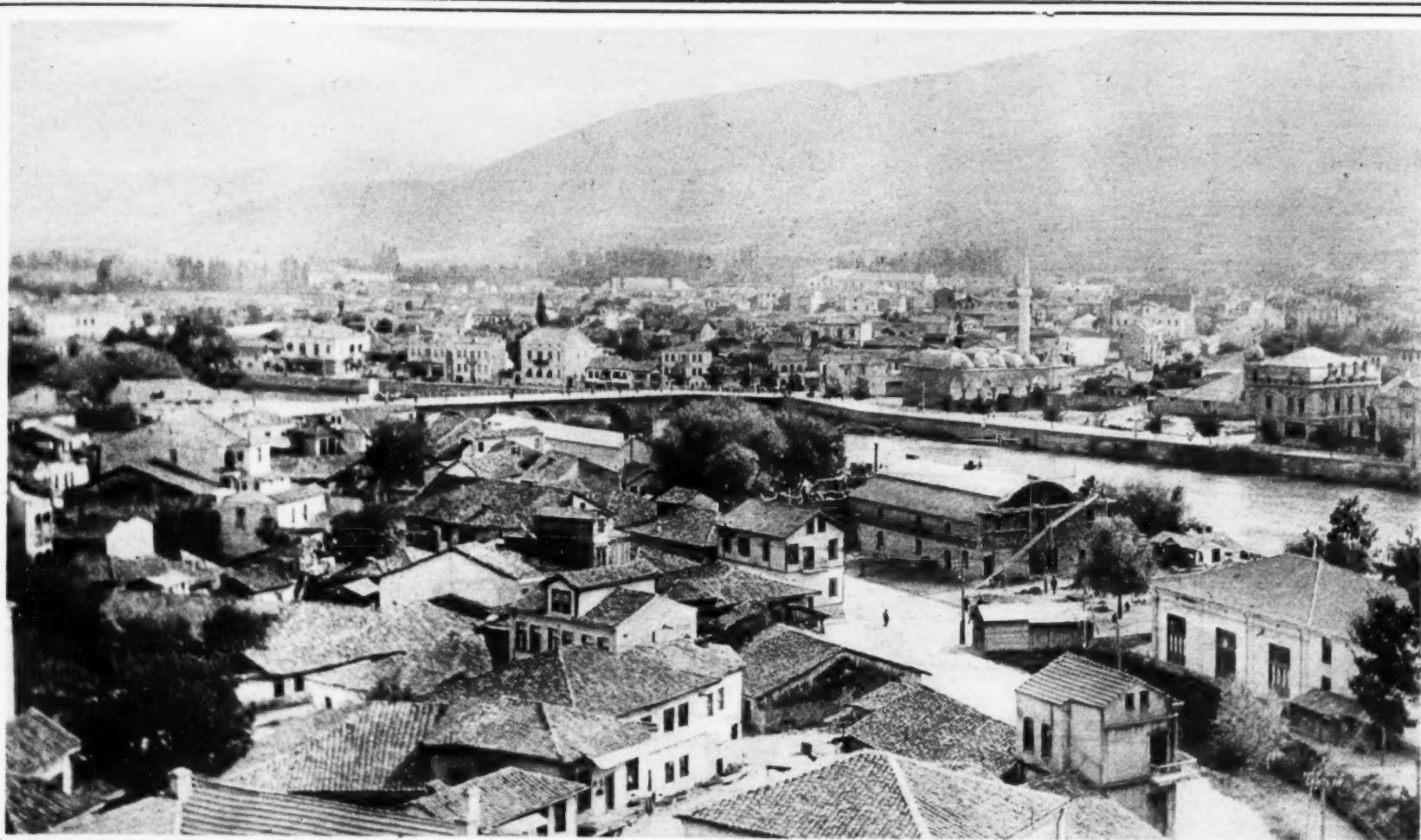
An Aeroplane Assailed from Mountain Heights by Italian Anti-Aircraft Guns



This Austrian aviator who has essayed to cross the rugged Dolomitan peaks on a reconnoitring flight finds himself and his frail craft in peril from an Italian battery.
(Drawn by F. W. Treves for *L'Illustrazione Italiana*.)

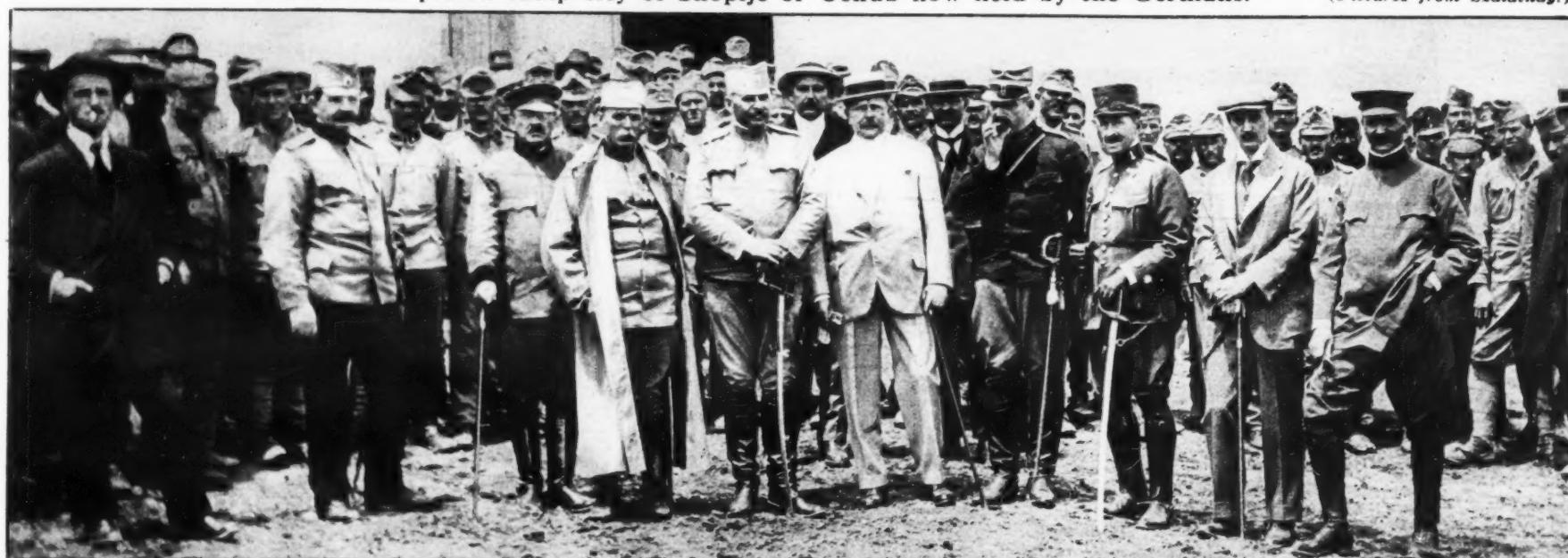


American Official Inspects Serbian War Prison



The Serbian prison camp city of Skoplje or Uskub now held by the Germans.

(Pictures from Szalatnay.)



Minister Vopicka, (in centre,) America's Envoy to Bulgaria, Serbia, and Rumania, on inspection tour.



A Serbian sentry in his sentry-house.
(Photo from Jessup.)

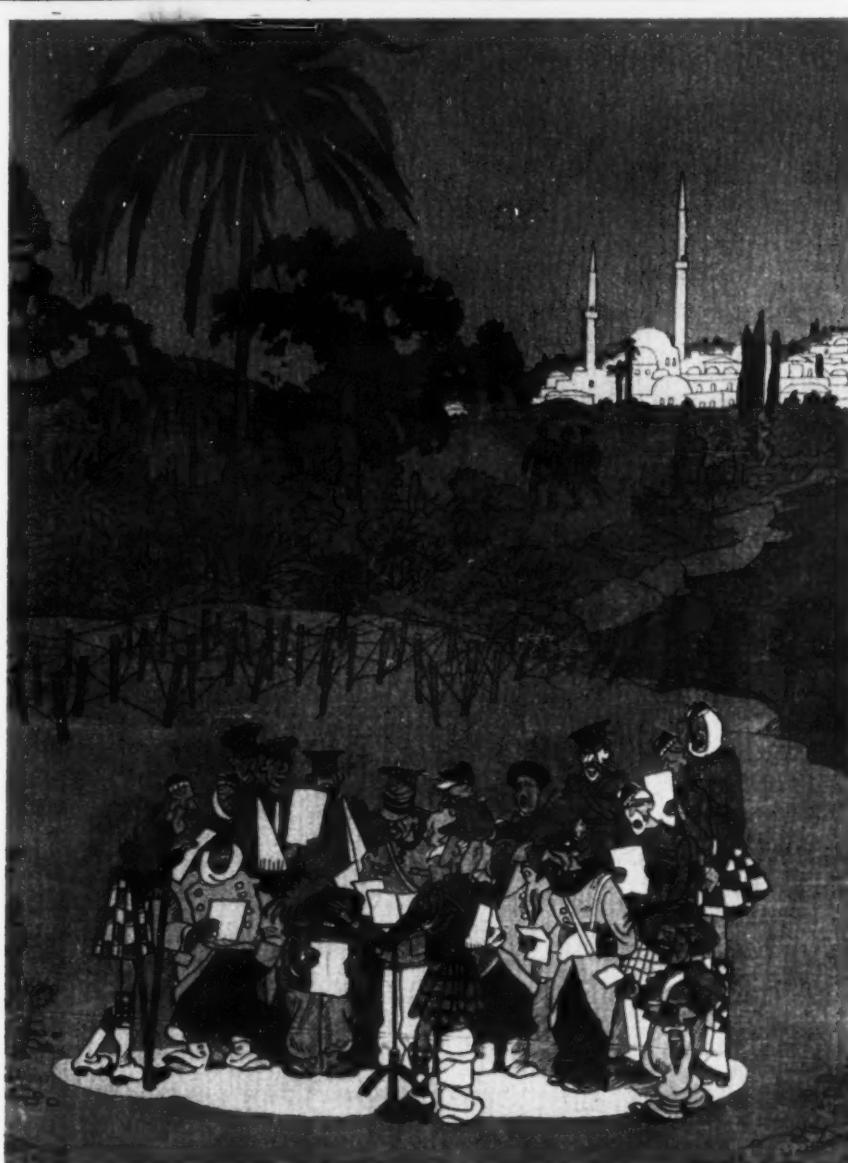


The old fortress at Skoplje overlooks the River Vardar.

Oversea Cartoons on War Themes



WILSON WILL NOT! The Jingoes: "Giddap! Giddap! Giddap!" The Horse: "In a moment I'll kick out backwards!"
—(C) Lustige Blaetter (Berlin.)



AT GALLIPOLI. Chorus of Allies: "What's the good of lovely gardens, if we cannot walk therein?"
—(C) Lustige Blaetter (Berlin.)



HEROIC SERBIA.
—Punch (London.)



CHANGING HIS "POINT." Kaiser Fox: "I wonder if there's a way out here."—The Bystander (London.)

The Humor of War-Worn Peoples

Amusing Tid-Bits Culled from the Periodicals of the Nations at War

ONLY A BEGINNING!

Young Wife (to husband at the front): "Dear Otto! A fine boy arrived today!—More next time! Your Martha!"—© *Jugend* (Munich.)

Theatrical Notice: "In the storm in the third act, as our chemist has been called to the front, we shall have to omit the lightning. To make up, we shall have twice as much thunder!"—© *Fliegende Blätter* (Munich.)

"I'm glad the mushroom time is over! A fellow can have a nice stomachache without getting scared now!"—© *Fliegende Blätter* (Munich.)



Governess: "You see, Willy, that boy wouldn't learn his lessons, and so the bell ran after him and covered him up!"

Voice from the Depths: "That's not it, miss! I'm taking the boiler to the metal collection."—© *Lustige Blätter*, (Berlin.)

MARS ON THE WAR.

Speaking recently at the Royal Institution at Marsville, the capital of



Cavalry Officer: "Yes, but do you know anything about horses?"
Recruit: "Me, know anything about 'osses? ME! wot backed a winner and two seconds on Friday!"—Punch, (London.) Drawn by Will Owen.

Mars, an eminent Martian professor said: "Gentlemen, it is beyond doubt that, for the last year and a half, the Earthians have been making signals

succession of parallel trenches, which stretch across a whole continent. * * * And from this series of trenches rise clouds of smoke, at regular intervals.



Another 420 bomb that hasn't burst!—© *Le Rire*, (Paris.)

to us that only a blind man could fail to see. Our excellent telescopes show us, on the terrestrial crust, the flash of thousands of projectiles, whose arrangement evidently corresponds to letters which, unfortunately, we are unable to decipher; but they have a meaning. The Earthians have, without doubt, long been intelligent, cultured, and uniquely occupied with scientific or artistic researches. Now, by night, their signals become especially impressive; further, we see, circulating in their atmosphere, luminous points, which some of my colleagues take to be falling stars. Without doubt, gentlemen, the Earthians have manufactured engines copied from the movements of birds' wings. * * * (General movement of incredulity.) And they are trying to fly toward our planet. * * *

A new proof of the earth signals is the existence of a line of canals, or a

* * * Unless, gentlemen, we are to suppose that, for a year and a half, the Earthians have been absolutely mad! * * *—*L'Illustration* (Paris.) (Flagstaff, Ariz., papers please copy!)

HIS FAMILIAR EXPERIENCE.

Soldier in the Landwehr (who wakes as a grenade bursting close by covers

"was actually heard by myself while in charge of a guard:
"Sentry—Halt! Who goes there?
"Voice—Chaplain.
"Sentry—Pass, Charlie; all well!"—
Punch (London.)

OH, THESE WOMEN!

Modiste: "Madam, this is the twentieth time I have called with your bill!"—
Madam (reproachfully to her hus-



"Yes, and the packet with all the cork soles—they came in fine in the wet trenches!"
"Oh, Hansie! Those were the pancakes I baked myself!"—© *Lustige Blätter*, (Berlin.)

him with pebbles and earth): "All right, wife, don't get so excited! * * * I'll get up!"—© *Fliegende Blätter* (Munich.)

band): "Did you hear that, Max? If I've had the gown so dreadfully long, it is really time for you to buy me a new one!"—© *Fliegende Blätter* (Munich.)



Patient: "I get lumbago awfully badly, doctor. Do you think you can do anything for me?"

Doctor: "Well, I ought to know something about it. I've been a martyr to it all my life."—Punch, (London.)

HIGH COST OF LIVING!

Adorer: "I love you, I worship you, Fraulein Eva!—I am ready to make any sacrifice for you! (With ever increasing passion.) Shall I order another sandwich for you?"—© *Fliegende Blätter* (Munich.)

KNOCKING NORTHCLIFFE?
"BULGARIAN PEASANTS' FLIGHT
From Our Own Correspondent."

—Daily Mail.
We don't wonder.—Punch (London.)

"The following," writes a soldier,

Belated Guest (horrified): "You are going to close already?"

Inkeeper: "Sure! It's midnight!
What are you waiting for?"

B. G.: "A—a remittance!"—
© *Fliegende Blätter* (Munich.)

CRICKET AND KULTUR.

We take from a Sumatra paper a list of some of the words which the Germans, in their patriotic ardor, pro-



"Know what makes me mad, Mary? Not a single cook has got the Iron Cross yet!—and what could our soldiers have done, if we had not fed them up in time of peace!"—© *Fliegende Blätter*, (Munich.)

pose to substitute for the English sporting terms formerly in use:

Golf=Löcherballspiel.
Cricket=Dreistäbenschlagerspiel.
Starter=Hauptabgangsstelleaufsichtsvorsteher."—Punch (London.)

A British Colonial Who Is Happy Though Wounded



The man with the bandaged head is Private Thorley of the Australian Imperial Force, now at the Australian Hospital at Harefield Park, London; he is displaying his trophy from the Dardanelles—a small Turkish flag. At Cape Helles he saw a Turk running away with the flag, and he and two other Australians, with a British soldier, gave chase. Thorley won the race and captured the flag. (Photograph from Janet Cummings.)

